The Outlook

APRIL 13, 1921

ENÉ VIVIANI

A BIG-BONED, thick-set, square-jawed man is Viviani. He is fifty-eight years old; he appears forty-ight, or even thirty-eight. As he sits in is chair and looks dreamily through half-losed eyes—which are very much alive, ist the same—there comes to one a suggestion of his Corsican name and his lgerian birthplace. But as he gives ou a strong hand-grasp later you remember only his ups and downs as eputy, Cabinet Minister, Premier of rance—he was Prime Minister at the utbreak of the World War and for fifteen onths thereafter.

As he speaks to his auditors you feel s if listening to an actor at the Théâtre rançais declaiming some classic text—uch consummate use does he make of a nguage which, as he says, with charcteristic gestures too, "flows like a rook and yet is strong as steel." Such erfect power has he, as well, over his lendid voice; now in low, pleading ac-ent; now in loud, thunderous tone. No ving orator seems to have had the bility to inspire his hearers to higher notion or to fire them to greater en-usiasm.

Such was the impression made by viviani in his first public speech in this ountry on this, his second, visit here. was at the annual meeting of the lliance Française in New York City. iviani's first visit occurred four years go, in company with Marshal Joffre. hey came here to tell what France was oing and to hear what America was oing to do. Viviani comes here now ith the same objects in view. As he id: "I am here to inform you and to nform myself." The information he ves consists of such phrases as these, ken at random from his address to the liance Française on April 2:

> In the war you supported France because you paid no attention to the calumny and lies about her. Because you had known France, you defended her.
>
> Has she changed? Is she no longer herself? Has she forfeited your gratitude and friendly feeling and loyalty? . . . Look at her now that the war is over. Look at her, having lost a million five hundred thousand men killed. She is recultivating the soil where she has shed her blood. She has bravely taken up the burden of reconstruction. . . .
>
> What does she want? She wants nothing but justice. What she asks is not to be repaid the huge expense of the war. But she does ask from Germany reparations — above all, what is needed for her widows, orphans, and maimed. She does ask the amount required for the economic rehabilitation of . . . her territory destroyed. . . .
>
> And she asks this because, looking beyond her frontier, she sees the German soldiers picking up the working tools they had left, the manufacturers finding their factories intact, every German going back to a home that is still standing.
>
> Look at the other side of the picture. Look at our six hundred thousand houses destroyed, at our mines made useless for five years, at our factories whose equipment has been carried into Germany. . . .
>
> We want peace. We want the nations to become reconciled. But how can we help feeling bitter when at the end of two years and a half of peace we have received no payment for reparation? The world cannot be in a condition of equilibrium while there is a wrecked France.

(C) Paul Thompson

RENÉ VIVIANI ON HIS ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

The information which M. Viviani received he referred to as follows:

> This morning I read with joy in your newspapers what your Administration had to say about Germany's responsibilities and obligations. This news will cross the Atlantic to comfort us in the devastated districts.

MR. HUGHES SPEAKS

WHAT Mr. Viviani referred to was the report of a memorandum sent by Secretary Hughes in the name of this Government to the German Government, explicitly placing the United States beside the Allies.

On March 23 Dr. Simons, German Foreign Minister, had sent an "informal memorandum" to Mr. Dresel, American Commissioner at Berlin, comprising a statement of conditions and an appeal for mercy as regards war reparations. Mr. Hughes's short but emphatic note apparently accepts the German contentions at their face value when he says:

> This Government believes that it recognizes in the memorandum of Dr. Simons a sincere desire on the part of the German Government to reopen negotiations with the Allies on a new basis.

But it is joined to this clear and far more pregnant sentence:

> This Government stands with the Governments of the Allies in holding Germany responsible for the war and therefore morally bound to make reparation so far as may be possible.

Mr. Hughes also says:

> The American Government is pleased to note in the informal memorandum of Dr. Simons the unequivocal expression on the part of the German Government of its desire to afford reparation up to the limit of German ability to pay.

The whole question is there. How is that ability to be determined? In our opinion, it is to be determined by the Reparation Commission acting under the Treaty of Versailles and administering Germany just as receivers would administer a bankrupt railway. In an editorial by the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook this subject is discussed further on another page.

A SUCCESSOR TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND JOHN HAY

IT has been officially announced at the White House that President Harding has decided to appoint Colonel George Harvey Ambassador to England, and

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there is no reason to suppose that the appointment will not be promptly confirmed when the Senate convenes.

Colonel Harvey's military title does not indicate any special martial experience, since it was acquired by his honorary appointment some years ago on the staffs of two Governors of New Jersey and two Governors of South Carolina, and, as everybody knows, these gubernatorial armies have more dining than fighting to do. He was born in Vermont fifty-seven years ago; received an ordinary school education; and became a newspaper reporter at eighteen years of age. His ability in this particular field is indicated by the fact that he was appointed managing editor of the New York "World" when he was about twenty-seven. During the boom of the electric street railways in the late nineties he became associated with that industry, with considerable pecuniary success, it is generally supposed.

From 1900 to 1915 he was president of the famous publishing house of Harper & Brothers. While he was in that position "Harper's Weekly," at one time a great and influential periodical, became moribund, and is now defunct. In politics he was at one time a Democrat and a bitter opponent of Theodore Roosevelt, displaying a personal antipathy for that distinguished Republican which was cordially reciprocated. His unquestioned ability as a shrewd judge of political affairs was most strikingly portrayed in the nomination in 1912 of Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, for President of the United States, a nomination which he was largely instrumental in bringing about. Colonel Harvey and Mr. Wilson were very intimately associated during the campaign of 1912, but their relations were broken at the request of Mr. Wilson himself, and Colonel Harvey thereafter became Mr. Wilson's most vindictive enemy, dealing with President Wilson personally and with his Administration in a kind of brilliant invective that has hardly ever been equaled in the history of American politics. It is announced that "Harvey's Weekly," which Colonel Harvey established for the apparent purpose of destroying his former friend and now hated opponent, will be discontinued when Colonel Harvey becomes Ambassador. It is not announced what he will do with the "North American Review," of which ancient and highly respected periodical he has been editor for many years.

Colonel Harvey is a distinguished representative of a certain type of American journalistic brilliance. He is thoroughly familiar with the subterranean methods of political management, but he has never displayed any marked interest in those deep and permanent principles

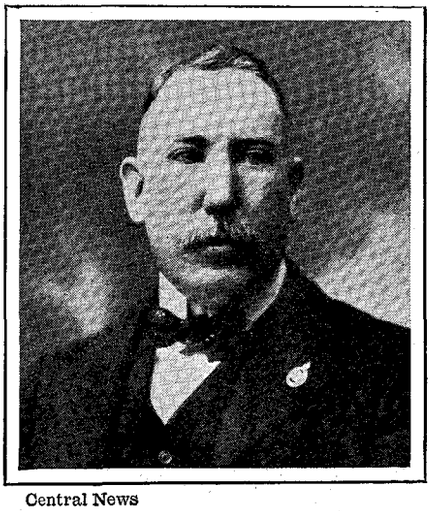
International

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY

of statesmanship that, after all, make political history.

An ambassador, especially to so important a post as that which Colonel Harvey is now to fill, should be a man of tact, discretion, good taste, polished manners, sound scholarship, and a devotion to his country's welfare which rises superior to personal ambitions and personal animosities. The United States has been served by an extraordinary succession of men at the Court of St. James's who displayed these qualities in a marked degree—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams, James Russell Lowell, George Bancroft, Edward J. Phelps, Thomas F. Bayard, John Hay, Joseph H. Choate, Walter Page, and John W. Davis. We regret that President Harding could not have added to this illustrious group an Ambassador who would have contributed to his high office less brilliant pugnacity and more of the diplomatic qualities of his predecessors than even Colonel Harvey's best friends believe that he possesses.

We are informed on excellent authority that President Harding is assuming full personal responsibility for the ambassadorial appointments of the new Administration and that his choice for what is probably the most important ambassadorial office in the present-day world is founded upon his sense of indebtedness to Colonel Harvey for important political services rendered. It is a commendable quality in a President to wish to pay his political debts fairly and even generously. But it is a pity that Mr. Harding could not have paid his debt to Colonel Harvey in a some what less precious coin than the Ambassadorship to Great Britain.



Central News

SIR JAMES CRAIG, THE UNANIMOUSLY CHOSEN LEADER OF THE ULSTER UNIONISTS, IN SUCCESSION TO SIR EDWARD CARSON, AND THE NEW PREMIER OF ULSTER

A ROMAN CATHOLIC VICEROY OF IRELAND

In succession to Viscount French, Lord Edmund Talbot has been appointed Lord Lieutenant—that is to say, Viceroy—of Ireland. This is the first time, we believe, that a Roman Catholic has attained this position since the days of James II.

The selection of a Roman Catholic for the Lord Lieutenancy has already been accepted as a genuine effort on the part of the British Government to show the Irish that the Government wants to give them everything that can be given. In so doing the Government may have seemed to exceed its legal power. Under existing law the Lord Lieutenancy is reserved for a Protestant. The new Home Rule Act, however, removes this disability. But the act does not come into force until April 19. Until that date, therefore, Lord Edmund's assumption of office would be contrary to law. Of course the nomination merely anticipates that law.

Under the new act the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has very great powers. He is the direct representative of the crown rather than of the Cabinet. He holds office for six years, independently of changes of British Government.

Also under the new act Ireland is to be divided politically as it is racially; that is to say, the north of Ireland—Protestant Ulster—will have its own government, and the rest of Ireland, which is mostly Roman Catholic, will have a government of its own. The first important act of the new Viceroy will be to summon the two Parliaments of northern and southern Ireland, respectively. It remains to be seen how these two governments and the provision for their common action will work in practice. Those who, like Lord Edmund Talbot

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"OO-O-OH, THAT'S SO!"

From Frederick Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reid in the New York Evening Mail

Der Berlin Nazi
GERMANY WINS THE PLEBISCITE IN SILESIA
WORLD
Germany was first to bring home the news,—
WORLD
INDUSTRIAL AND MINING SECTION OF SILESIA
Albert Reid
but little Poland seems to be bringing home the bacon.

THE LAST RETURNS

Williams in the Indianapolis News

EVER NOTICE THEY BREAK OUT WITH MEASLES OR SOMETHING WHEN IN A TIGHT PLACE?

From G. C. Fosdick, Indianapolis, Ind.

Pease in the Newark Evening News

AND HARVEY?

From Belle Fowler, Newark, N. J.

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Mr. Lloyd George, and others, supported the Better Government of Ireland Act, will doubtless leave nothing undone to make it possible at last to give to the strongly contrasted peoples of the island of Ireland the kind of government which each part wants.

The Ulster government will be headed, not by Sir Edward Carson, as was expected, but by Sir James Craig, a lieutenant of Sir Edward's and a representative Ulsterman. Many friends of tolerance and of law and order in Ireland hope that the other government, the seat of which will be in Dublin, will be headed by Sir Horace Plunkett.

THE LABOR CRISIS IN GREAT BRITAIN

AGAIN the industries and the people of Great Britain have been threatened with an appalling calamity. The inevitable results of a complete cessation of work by the men belonging to the so-called Triple Alliance of miners with railway and transport unions would constitute such a blow to British industry and the well-being of the people at large, would involve such vast losses in wages and production, that because of that very thing it seems incredible that some peaceful settlement will not be found. As we write, April 5, both houses of Parliament are meeting to consider the questions involved, Lloyd George is on the point of stating the Government's position, and the political as well as the industrial situation is critical. Quite possibly a general election may follow.

The mine workers are already out on strike; they have not been joined, as we write, by the railway and transport unions; but these unions show a strong disposition to aid the "direct action" movement unless the Government finds a way out satisfactory to them; it should be added, however, that, while there are radical leaders, there are also leaders who oppose radical action and are trying to stem the anger and unreason of the mass of workers. A member of the Board of Trade declares that this is a fight to the finish between the Government and direct action. The strike, he says, was an ugly demonstration for direct action, and if the public is against direct action it must condemn the miners.

One alarming and terrible feature of the miners' strike has been that in some great mines pumping has been abandoned and the mines are flooded and that it may take months to get them in working order. This is not industrial warfare; it is Prussian devastation; now for the first time Englishmen are doing in England what Germany did in in France.

The immediate cause of the crisis is the failure of mine owners and workers to come to an agreement as to wages. When, last autumn, almost exactly the same crisis arose, a temporary settlement was made by granting for two months a fixed advance in wages and making further future advances dependent on output. This was vague, and it had the additional danger that men and owners were to agree on a permanent scale of wages by March. No one liked the plan; the rank and file of the miners were bitter because after a strike that had cost a hundred million dollars they gained nothing substantial. In March the owners made their offer; but the unions oppose acceptance largely, we understand, because they insist on the same standard wages everywhere, regardless of conditions in different mines (some are making much money, others little or none), while the owners want a minimum wage with possible increases where conditions justify it.

Nationalization of the industries is not now a direct issue; on the other hand, there is much talk of the Government's taking over the industries for a time to restore order, protect the business of the country, and prevent the suffering that such a mammoth strike must involve.

It certainly is a time for the British Government to act with firmness and to separate politics from patriotism.

THE WAR IN ASIA MINOR

DURING the past fortnight there has been war between Greece and Turkey in Asia Minor.

The reason for this war is twofold. First, Greece proposes to retain the former Turkish territories granted to her by the Treaty of Sèvres. Venizelos, the greatest Greek statesman since Pericles, had not only reunited Crete with Greece, he had carried the Greek frontier northward into Albania and Macedonia; he had annexed the important port of Salonika; above all, he had extended Greek sway over Thrace and over a large part of the western coast of Asia Minor, mainly Greek in population.

This Greater Greece realizes many of the dreams of the "Unredeemed Greeks." But there is one dream still unrealized —the possession of Constantinople, Greek for very many centuries and Mohammedan since 1453. An old saying is to the effect that when a Constantine marries a Sophia Constantinople will again become Greek. Years ago Constantine of Greece married Sophia of Germany. But Constantinople remains stubbornly Turkish and Mohammedan.

We thus come to the second reason for the present war. It is a war of Constantine's making. Smarting under the contumely which he has justly suffered, Constantine decided to let loose his troops in the direction both of Constantinople, the capital of the orthodox Turks, and Angora, capital of the very heterodox medley united under the leadership of Mustapha Kemal and backed by the Russian Bolshevist Government. The Greeks are as near Constantinople as Brusa—which is pretty near; and they are as near Angora as Eskishehr, an important junction on the Bagdad Railway, about a hundred and thirty miles from Angora. So far the Greeks have had success, but are now reported to be in great peril of defeat. The reason given for the overthrow of Venizelos—that the Greeks were tired of war and wanted to demobilize the army may operate against Constantine in case of continued defeat. On the other hand, in case of success, Constantine would be regarded as having preserved the heritage won by Venizelos, as having shown the Entente Allies that they should not hand back to the Turks the regions promised by treaty to the Greeks, and, finally, as having checked the age-long Turkish atrocities and thus permitting the resurgence of Armenia and any other Christian country held in subjection by the Turks.

"Greek guns are now having their say," declares Premier Kalogeropoulos of Greece on his return from London, where he had been in attendance at the Near Eastern Conference. He continued, "They will be heard more and more." But they are "having their say" while the Allies are repaying Constantine in his own coin—by declining to help him, though they do not oppose whatever success he may achieve.

CHARLES WANTS TO BE KING AGAIN

SINCE the close of the war Charles, late Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, has been living in retirement at Prangins, a beautiful estate on the Lake of Geneva. From time to time there have come rumors of restlessness on his part and of restlessness on the part of certain sections of the Hungarian people with regard to a monarchist revival. Few, if any, such rumors have emanated from Austria. Most Austrians seem determined to have done with the emperor business. Not so the Hungarians with the king business. They are, many of them, by nature monarchists. There is something about the Hungarian soldier in his magnificent dress and carriage which recalls mediæval times; the Austrian soldier, in contrast, is a very much up-to-date modern Again, Hungary is a country of extremes. The various kinds of government which have been tried there since the war closed—varying from Bolshevism under Bela Kun to Hapsburgism under the Archduke Joseph—prove this;

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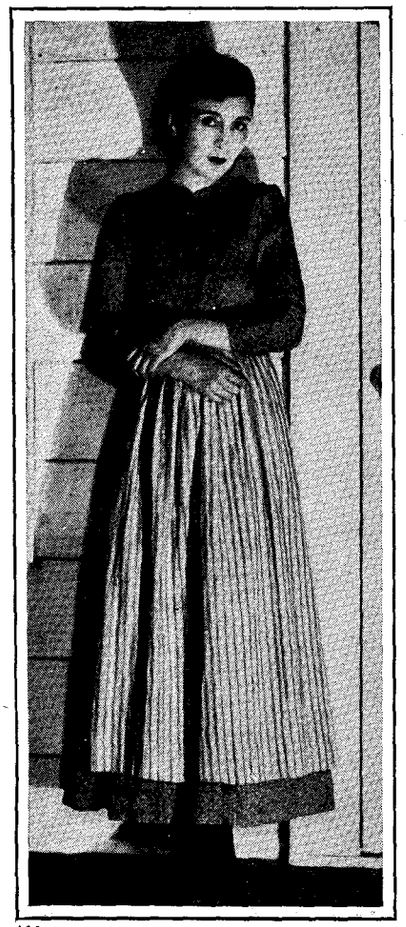

Abbe
CARROLL McCOMAS IN "MISS LULU BETT"

ut the Hapsburg *par excellence* is of ourse Charles. He is still the anointed King of Hungary. He never has abdiated or been dethroned. His person is acred and inviolable. Why, then, should e not return at the appropriate moment nd again be invested with the crown of t. Stephen?

Some days ago Charles thought that ich an appropriate moment had arrived. Disguised, he escaped from Switzerland nd entered Hungary. He was received ith mixed sensations. The Regent, orthy, did not want to receive him at ll. A strong faction in the Hungarian ational Assembly declared that "the x-Emperor's unexpected return is seen s a national peril." On the other hand, any monarchists gave him welcome. ut all were alarmed at the immediate oclamation by the Governments of umania, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoavia that the return of Charles to the rone would not be tolerated. This otest was formally reinforced by the overnments of Great Britain, France, d Italy.

None of these governments wish to terfere in Hungarian domestic affairs. it this is not a domestic affair. It ncerns all southeastern Europe, and so concerns the peace of the world.

MISS LULU BETT

THE story of Cinderella is not new. But then very few stories are. We can think of nothing of less consequence than the newness or oldness of a dramatic theme. What is of concern is the vitality of a story, a factor which depends on treatment rather than upon such elements of character and plot as may be reduced to a diagram in a textbook on the drama.

The story of Cinderella lies behind the story of "Lulu Bett." It is a story which of itself has always a broad human appeal, for most of us are inclined, at times, to see ourselves in the garb of Cinderella. When we see Cinderella among her ashes, we say: "How like ourselves! Only of course Cinderella never was quite so badly abused as we have been." When we see Cinderella triumph, we say, "Just what we would do if we had our deserts!" Self-pity and wishful thinking are still to be classed among the favorite recreations of mankind.

"Lulu Bett," to return to the place where this editorial should have been started, is a dramatization by Zona Gale of her very widely read novel of the same name. Her heroine is a spinster of thirty-four years and many tribulations, whose age should be measured, not by its annual increments, but in terms of the monotonous life she has been forced to endure.

Lulu lives with her sister and her sister's husband. In return for the home which they give her she has turned herself into an untiring drudge, with no expectation of escaping from the tyranny of little things. Her sister is vain, shallow, and selfish. Her brother-in-law is pompous, dictatorial, and self-righteous. Both of them are amazingly well pleased with themselves for their kindness in giving Lulu the shelter of their roof-tree. They are possessed of two children, the younger of whom in particular impels the spectator to reach out for nonexistent hair-brushes at her every appearance upon the stage. She is certainly one of the most spankable stage children we have seen in many years.

The sixth member of the family group is the mother of Lulu and her sister, an aged woman bordering upon senility, whose mind combines attributes of keenness and understanding with that tragic forgetfulness which marks the approach of oblivion. The mother is played by Louise Closser Hale, and her characterization constitutes one of the best pieces of acting which we have seen on the New York stage this season.

Into this family group comes the brother of the head of the house, a rover and an open-hearted good fellow, whose ways have led him far from the restricted circle of his brother's life.

Abbe
LOUISE CLOSSER HALE IN "MISS LULU BETT"

He is quick to feel the injustice of Lulu's position and she to desire his understanding and sympathy. The old stage device of a mock marriage which turns out to be binding is used to crystallize their feeling for each other. They depart, leaving a helpless and astounded family circle, whose attitude may be summed up in the words, "Blessings brighten as they take their flight."

But Lulu is not quit of them yet. Her husband tells her that many years before he was married and that he has no definite proof that his first wife is dead. She returns to the house whence she fled so joyfully to find that her sister and her brother-in-law are concerned only with the effect of her misfortune upon their own reputations. The pettiness and smallness of their point of view is an unpleasant thing to contemplate, but it is not overdrawn. Such people exist entire in the flesh, and the elements which go to make up the minds of such people exist in part in hundreds of men and women who would doubtless hold up their hands in horror at the treatment meted out to Lulu.

If in the play it had not been finally shown that Lulu's husband's first wife was definitely and conclusively dead, we should never have forgiven Miss

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Gale. The play left at the final curtain more than enough unsolved relationships and enough unhappiness to justify this concession to the conventional desire for a happy ending. We are inclined to classify "Miss Lulu Bett" among the truest and most convincing of this year's dramatic offerings.

THE CALL OF THE NATIONS TO AMERICA

BEFORE this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers a petition will probably have been signed by a few notable Americans to the Prime Ministers of England, France, and Italy, protesting against any policy which will leave the Armenian people under the government of the unspeakable Turk. All humane Americans, remembering the tragedies of the past, will hope that the statesmen to whom it is addressed will give it careful consideration.

What part ought America to take in European affairs? When does interference become offensive intermeddling? When does abstention mean selfish apathy? It is not difficult to define the determining principle on paper, though it may be difficult to apply that principle in dealing with international problems.

What action the Allies should have taken when Germany asked for terms of peace, though possibly doubtful then, is certainly clear now. The answer should have been, "Unconditional surrender." The surrender required should have been so unconditioned that the Allies could, if they saw fit, have put Germany in the hands of a receiver and collected by an international execution the reparation due from her to Belgium and France. Instead, the statesmen made terms with Germany and set themselves to the task of making "a new map of Europe." The result is what has been felicitously termed a "Peace Tangle."

There is no good reason why America should join in continuing this international blunder.

America entered the war to protect the world, primarily Belgium and France, from the despotic rule of military Germany. Germany should understand that our alliance with England, France, and Belgium continues until Germany's rulers confess Germany's defeat and make provision for adequate reparation to France and Belgium. The reports from Washington at this writing indicate that the present Administration has made this clear to Germany. In so doing it has the substantially unanimous support of the American people.

But there is no reason why America should take any part in making "a new map of Europe." She has neither the knowledge nor the interest necessary. It is not our business to determine whether Ireland should be a republic or a province; what should be the boundaries of Poland; or how the geographical and political problems of the chaotic "Near East" should be solved. In attempting to solve these problems it is already evident that France, Italy, and England have fallen apart. The representative of each country naturally, perhaps necessarily, looks after the interests of that country; and the countries have diverse, if not conflicting, interests. America has no interests which impel her to take part in the game of grab, and no international wisdom to justify her in offering to act as a supreme arbitrator.

In 1902, passing through the city of Trebizond, on the Black Sea, I was a guest of the British Consul at luncheon. He had been there for twenty-five years, and had just returned from a visit to England. His solution of the then acute Eastern question was very simple: make Constantinople a free city and put it under the protectorate of the United States. All the Powers, he assured me, would welcome that solution because they all knew that we had no territorial ambitions. Something like a year ago I attended a meeting of a committee of the friends of Armenia. They all agreed in the wish that the United States would take a mandatory for Armenia, if not for Turkey in Asia Minor, and experts present bore the same testimony as the British Consul in Trebizond: all the European Powers, they said, would welcome our acceptance of the trust, for they all know that we have no territorial ambitions. To join in the attempt to make "a new map of Europe" would imperil a disinterestedness which is due more to our geographical position than to our virtue, and we would certainly lose the reputation of disinterestedness which we now possess. We should throw away a great influence and we should not gain a compensatory power. If America did not become an ally of one of the Great Powers, it would fall under the alternating suspicion of them all.

There is one thing America can do, ought to do, and we are reasonably confident will do so long as this Administration is in power. It can protect the property and personal rights of its citizens on land and on sea, at home and abroad. There are in Asiatic Turkey millions of dollars invested in American property and hundreds of Americans engaged in the entirely lawful occupation of publishing, teaching, and preaching. They have been, and still are, scrupulous in obeying the laws of the land in which they live. They and their lawful interests and occupations are entitled to the protection of their native land.

To finish the work which we began in 1917; to give our moral and, if necessary, our financial and military support to the demand that Germany repair, as far as reparation is possible, the wrong she has committed; to protect American rights always and everywhere, whatever the cost; to give our moral but unofficial support to every honest, sincere and intelligent endeavor to maintain civil and religious liberty in other lands, and to abstain from all participation in the endeavor of the Great Powers to reapportion the peoples and redefine the boundaries of other nationalities, is the best international service America can render to the world in its present crisis.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

JOHN BURROUGHS, NATURALIST

THE story is told that on one of the camping trips John Burroughs loved to take with his friends a farmer's permission was asked to camp on his land. "Who are these fellows?" he inquired. One after the other the messenger named a famous inventor, a big Washington official, and a millionaire manufacturer. Their names meant nothing to the farmer, but when John Burroughs's name was mentioned he knew all about the "bird-man" and was delighted to give permission. Burroughs wrote for farmers and city people and lovers of nature at large, rather than for scientists. He was first of all a naturalist; he says, in his "Field and Study," "I seem to reach nature through my understanding and the desire for knowledge more than through an ethical or purely poetical craving." He was the observer and recorder, not the biologist or the technician. He purposely limited his field of observation he said lately that perhaps the West Indies would come to him, he didn't care to go that far; "once," he added, "I lost a February in Jamaica." The Harriman Alaska trip with John Muir and others was an exception; and in the monumental and beautiful volumes describing that trip Burroughs wrote more popularly, if less eloquently and dramatically, than Muir himself—as might be expected, for Muir was the man of action, Burroughs the naturalist-essayist.

What Burroughs saw he made other people see. His memory was as good as his powers of observation; he could and did write—without referring to any notes taken—lucidly and fully of bird life and animal life and nature as he had known it years ago. It was largely his ability to tell common people as distinct from students of science the everyday facts of nature that made Theodore Roosevelt write, "It is a good thing for our people that you have lived."

Mr. Burroughs was poet and philos-

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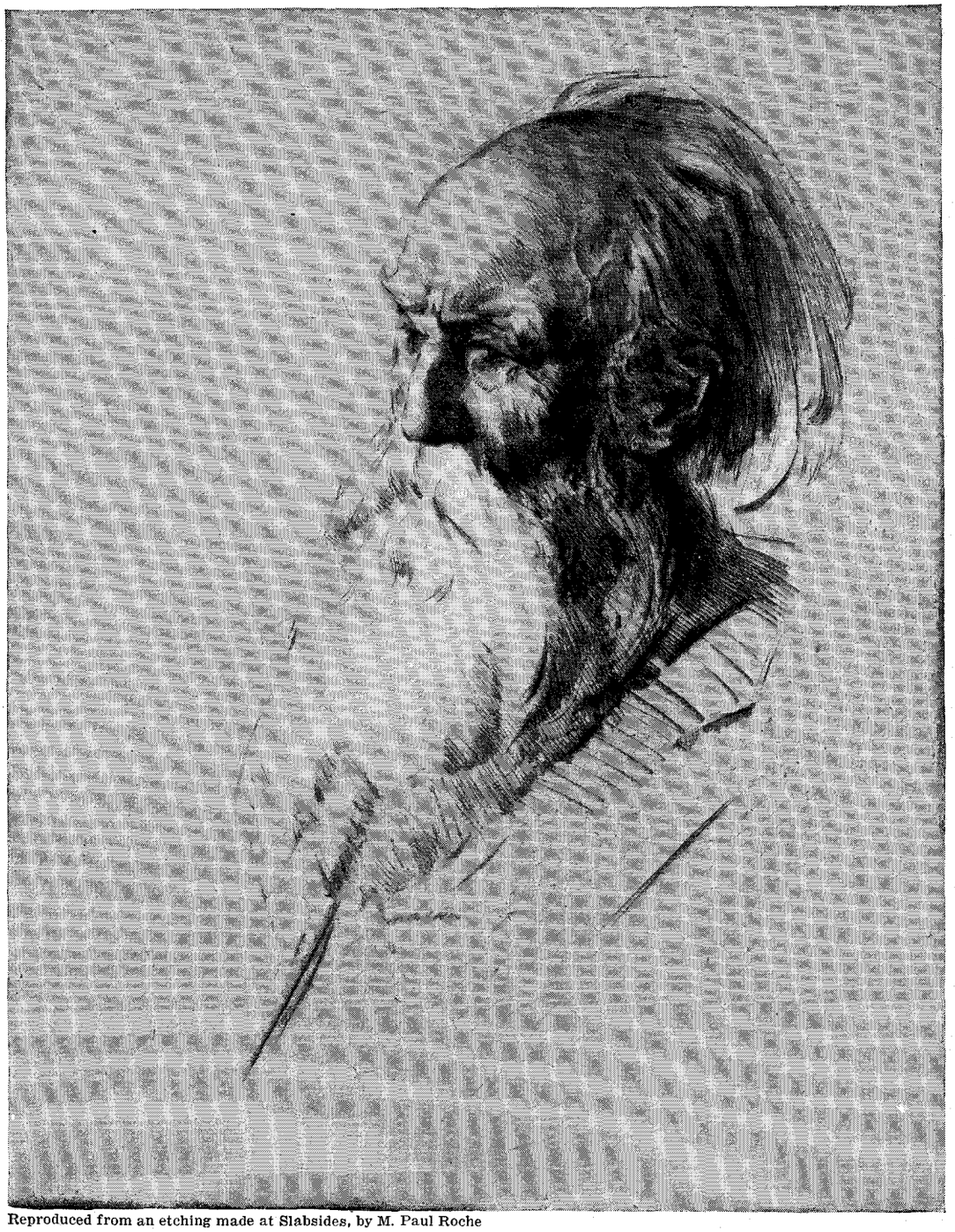

Reproduced from an etching made at Slabsides, by M. Paul Roche

John Burroughs

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pher, as well as naturalist and describer, but it is rather in the field of writing of the latter than that of the former that he will be longest remembered. His earlier style in essay writing was often turgid, and his earlier poems had conspicuous faults; but in both respects he improved as he continued to write. As a philosopher, and especially as regards immortality and the relations of this life to the future, John Burroughs was undoubtedly influenced by the fact that his boyhood was spent in an atmosphere of narrow views of religion; like many other writers so placed, he conceived a distorted idea of what even "orthodox" theology is like, to say nothing of modern liberal ideas. His latest published book, for instance, "Accepting the Universe," is based on the assumption that God is reflected in the material phenomena, and it is an effective reply to the shallow optimism of a certain type of "natural theology" which existed in his boyhood, but was not of high repute in scholarly circles even then. Of the spiritual faith that God is spirit and is reflected in the spiritual experiences of man he seems to have had little conception.

John Burroughs died on March 29, within a few days of his eighty-fourth birthday, while returning, after a winter spent in California in search of strength and health, to the home in the Catskills he loved so well and so long. He was a man of many friendships; in earlier life he knew Emerson, Holmes, Whitman, and Lincoln; later his yearly camping trips with Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, and Harvey Firestone were a delight to him and gave him many pleasing memories. While he knew New England well, his observations and descriptions are for the most part of the country right about him—and that means not so very many miles from the metropolis. "The place to observe nature is where you are," is one of his sayings. Farming, nature study, and literature occupied most of his time the last forty years of his life, but before that he had been in turn teacher, treasury clerk, and bank examiner. Those who had familiar converse with him agree that his informal talk was even more delightful than his books. Among his collected writings probably "Wake Robin," "Fresh Fields," and "Ways of Nature" best represent his sympathy with living things and his love for the outdoor life.

Long ago, on one of John Burroughs's birthdays, which it became a kind of custom for the press as well as his intimates to celebrate, this journal, under the title "John Burroughs, Neighbor," pointed out that his simplicity, sincerity, and kindliness made John Burroughs, so to speak, the companion and neighbor of the whole country; and that "no man has made nature quite so companionable, or given such a large number of people a sense of being at home out of doors, as this farmer's boy, who has added to his early knowledge the observation of many years and a wide acquaintance with science."

> THE body of John Burroughs was laid to rest on April 3, his birthday, and at Roxbury, New York, his birthplace.
>
> At the simple burial services were men of distinction, among them naturalists and writers; but most significant of all was the gathering of his neighbors who came with home-made luncheons for the guests from other places. Among these neighbors were many children. As the friends of Burroughs passed by, a ring-necked pheasant came out into the road. John Burroughs's body lies under a great rock on the hill which he himself had chosen for burial.

PICNICKING IN PINK STREET

A GLIMPSE OF JOHN BURROUGHS

BY EDITH LACY

JOHN BURROUGHS says it is really Ping Street; that the mountain people corrupted it into Pink Street. But either name is an engaging misnomer for the narrow green glen that lies between the drop of a Catskill hill and a foaming, stone-carpeted brook nearly as wide as the Street itself, full of water whirls that fling about big boulders and fill the Street with noisy rushing. It is no more a street than it is pink, nor does it convey any idea of ping, which somehow savors of an Orientalism quite alien to that woods dale.

But I didn't know all that when one night in August, 1914, the train set me down in Roxbury and I found my way to Mrs. Taylor's modest boarding-house. After supper she told me all the pleasant things to do: the garden party at "the Gould place"—everybody went to that; "and of course you're going up to Woodchuck Lodge to see Johnny Burroughs?"

I demurred. Does the vacationer run post-haste to Woodchuck Lodge and intrude on this charming writer of the outdoors?

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Taylor, emphatically. "Why, everybody goes up to see him. He expects people to come. My daughter goes up first thing every summer. She's read all his books and can quote them to him. You go right along up. There's a short cut across the swamp."

A very insidious notion, that. One could just walk over that way, anyway, and see the cabin. After dinner next day I set out, and in the middle of the swamp discovered it to be a sea of black stumps in black ooze. Impossible to go back. I'd at least jump forward and maybe I'd get — past — those — stumps. Yellow Dog Dingo jumped, because he had to—another black stump.

At the very last stump I sat down to regard the back of Woodchuck Lodge, and looked instead into the inquiring eye of a young bullock whose anxieties were quickened by his resentment at not being quite tall enough to get his whole head over the intervening wall at one time. He had to thrust his nose over first to snort his outrage and then dip it ignominiously in order to bring one eye over the top to watch its effect.

Breathing hard, I walked slowly out of his enraged sight and thanked Heaven for a long stride.

Two fields and the highroad, and just down the road Woodchuck Lodge on the hillside; a low cabin of slender boles—one couldn't say "logs" to them—with a porch, and John Burroughs sitting on the porch.

His profile was toward me as he sat in a little low rocking chair reading a newspaper, with a pile of more newspapers on the floor beside him. A big straw farm hat was pushed back so that it framed his fresh-colored, singularly youthful face, with his white hair showing under the brim and his long white beard over the gray seersucker coat he wore.

A woman sat with her back to the road and several cots were placed across the back of the porch against the wall.

Slower and slower I walked. I was nearly opposite—I was passing. John Burroughs looked up from his paper and smiled, rose, and called out: "Come in, come in. We watched you crossing the swamp."

The woman whose back was toward the road—she turned out to be Dr. Burrus—came to meet me, and on the porch Mrs. Burroughs was resting on one of the cots.

Mrs. Taylor's daughter had the better of me. Not a single quote rushed to my ease. Indeed, as I sat in a third little rocker listening to my host's friendly chat I felt as though the high and far-off days of "Pepacton" and "Locust and Wild Honey," all of those earlier books fresh from the hills and open fields I had not read the later ones—were days of another existence before the world was too much with us.

We talked of the hills and village, the orchard on the hill across the road and the busy life up there in bough and grass, and of *my* work, forsooth!

John Burroughs had picked up a new

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paper among the newly arrived mail, and now he opened it while Dr. Barrus told me of some near-by walks.

"Damn!" he cried suddenly, flung the newspaper to the floor, stamped off the porch, down the steps, and around the cabin, and immediately came the sound of violent wood-chopping.

I looked at Dr. Barrus, aghast.

"Did I do that?" I asked, appalled.

"No, I think it was the Kaiser." She looked at the crumpled newspaper. It was in August, 1914, you remember.

"He chops more and more wood every day now when the mail comes in," she explained.

He came back in a moment and took up another paper.

"Was it the Kaiser—" I began.

"Damn the Kaiser!" he burst out, and there followed one of those bewildering struggles to reach out for the half-known, wholly unaccustomed words that would express the incredible, the impossible—all those things so startling, so unbelievable in August, 1914, amid which we learned to walk with such practiced familiarity in the ruins of northern France in 1918. And how should John Burroughs, of all people, cope with so utterly alien a vocabulary?

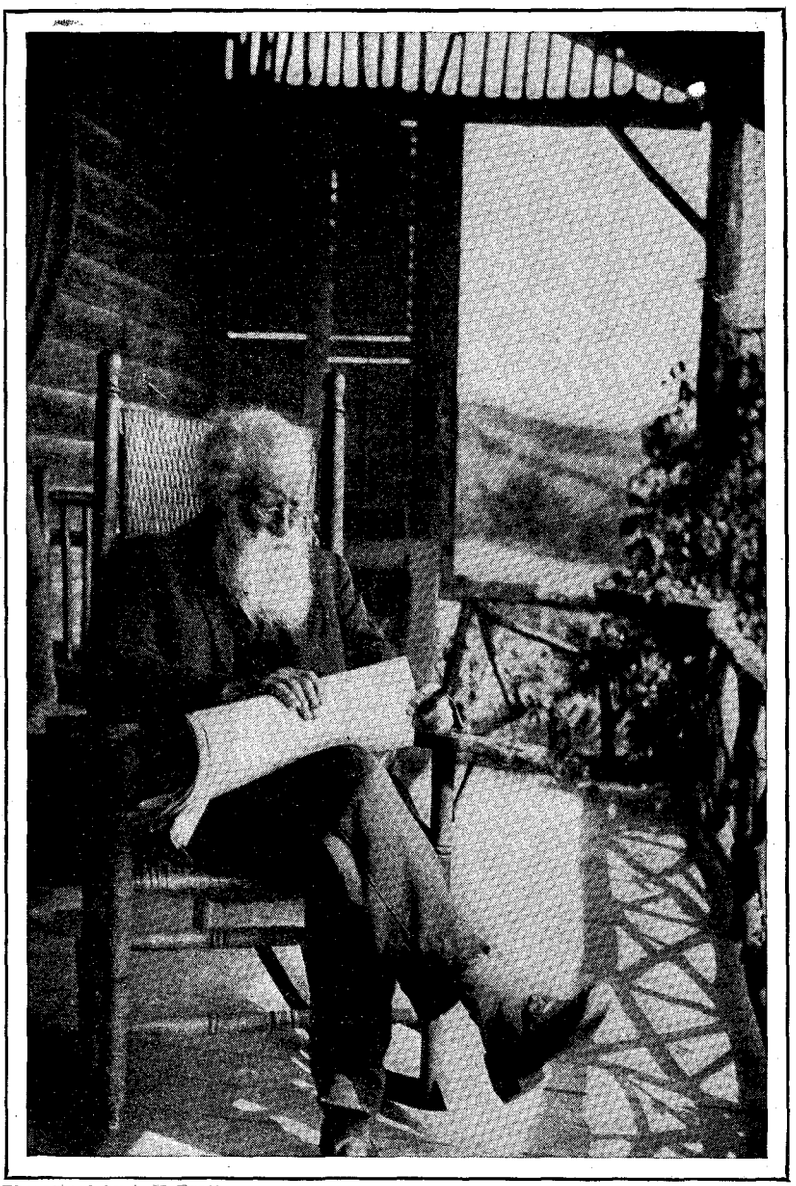
They planned hospitably for my coming to dinner next day, and presently I left them, starting back by the road John Burroughs pointed out as the prettiest way home—the one to the left of Woodchuck Lodge. It turned sharply against the sky-line by the woods and then dipped into the valley, past covetable cottages in tidy green gardens, with old apple trees from which I pulled sour and leathery apples that nevertheless had an irresistible pungency of wild flavor. And I went down musing on the surprise and charm of finding that old-fashioned country hospitality serenely fixed as the daily habit of this outdoor lover who had withal so much natural human kindliness—more, such love for folks—that he really did "expect people to come up."

Why do we give to some folk the full measure of their names? Nobody says Walton; it would mean nothing. But Izaak Walton! And Burroughs is a babel of business. But John Burroughs!

Next morning woke me to a wind fresh and crisp as October, with the maples tossing tumultuously across my windows, flinging their gleaming leaves in the sunlight.

"Telephone for you!" came a call from below stairs. "Johnny Burroughs says wait here till they come. They're going on a picnic to Pink Street instead of having dinner at home, and they'll be right down."

Hardly had I finished coffee when the little Ford car rushed down upon us, John Burroughs driving, Professor L. beside him, and Mrs. Burroughs and Dr. Barrus behind, whither I, too, climbed as soon as I had fetched the sweater they all simultaneously called upon me to bring. Now if you happily knew John Burroughs, you know how unaffectedly right the word "rushed" is when followed by "John Burroughs driving."



Photograph by A. H. Pratt

JOHN BURROUGHS READING THE WAR NEWS AT WOODCHUCK LODGE

We rollicked down the road hillwards till a stretch of mud, hub deep, as we could see by the approaching motor pulling through it, brought us to slow and labored going, each car trying to give place to the other, but John Burroughs's courtesy winning. There for an instant our engine strove so vainly that the passing travelers came back to lend a hand; but an extra tug and we were out and up the hill, the mud whirled off, having no chance to dry in that flight.

A dip into the hills, a turn from the open road down a lane and around a foothill and John Burroughs brought the car neatly to the middle of the secluded glen.

"Pink Street!"

We camped by the brook, John Burroughs and Professor L. bringing some planks they found in a deserted barn at the end of Pink Street, while the rest of us spread a cloth and unpacked luncheon.

And John Burroughs sat on a plank, sandwich in one hand and a crisp cucumber in the other—cucumbers at seventy-seven!—and we chatted between bites; just the desultory chat of any picnic. It was then that John Burroughs told me that Pink Street is really Ping Street, and in the sudden warmth of argument Professor L. got a picture of him, sandwich, cucumber, and all, and me beside him—immortalized! And another one when John Burroughs went over and cranked the car to find out something mysterious. I've always wondered what the camera made of that figure bent before the car and that whirling arm! I like to remember that Professor L. told us of a roomful of negatives at home, negatives of John Burroughs in every walk of life, and to think that perhaps he will one day share those intimate photographs with the hosts who will delight in them.

Those two went off hillwards after luncheon, Mrs. Buroughs settled down with a book by the stream, and Dr. Barrus and I crossed the brook. Half-way up a rugged path we came upon a little widespread evergreen branching screen-like over a rock by the path, a lovely

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dark symmetrical little evergreen with a single glowing red berry.

"Let's take it back to John Burroughs." I pulled off the berried spray —ever so gently, so the berry wouldn't fall—and when we all met again in Pink Street I gave it to him.

"It's a little Christmas tree, with one red candle all ready to light for you."

"A Christmas tree!" he chuckled, and stuck it in the breast pocket of his gray seersucker coat, arranging it caressingly so the prized red candle would be safe. He said it was American yew, and very rarely found about there.

We left Pink Street by the upper end, leading back into the hills, topping peak after peak till we came out upon a high plateau. Wide on either hand the wind-swept hillcrests billowed out to the cloud-swept sky. There was nothing else in the world. We looked out into space itself, that high space that rides unbroken across the universe. Cloud and peak set in infinite space—and at our feet small pink blossoms creviced in the gray rock. Across the plateau the road curved to the edge of the heights, and farther down we could see the valley through a screen of trees linking that upper world of space and the living valley below.

Presently John Burroughs leaned back from the wheel. Professor L. offered to take it, so they changed places, and we went down almost in silence, the exhilaration of the heights still upon us.

"Have you turned her off?" John Burroughs suddenly leaned forward and asked.

"Yes," answered Professor L.

"That's right. Save the gas and fool your engine." John Burroughs chuckled and leaned back again.

The car came out into the village and a stir went through our little party. The picnic in Pink Street was over, and promptings of things to be done came out and prodded us.

"We need a loaf of bread," Mrs. Burroughs remembered.

"I'll get it," said John Burroughs.

He got out of the car by the grocery, and I got out, too, so that I might walk home under the maples.

We said good-night, with the last of the glowing day upon us, and I looked back and waved, and John Burroughs stood there in the sunset, still erect, looking out with his kindly eyes smiling friendlily—and my little red-candled Christmas tree stuck safe in his breast pocket.

BUSY BELGIUM

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

I AM very much surprised at Belgium. I had heard that she had come back with a bang. So she has; but it has been partly because of inflation and governmental aid to factories denuded and demolished by the Germans.

Let me say first that the people of Belgium appear as well dressed, as well fed, and as prosperous in a business way as the people of the United States. There is a reason.

First, Belgium was not devastated as northern France was. The Boche removed machinery and some steel buildings, bridges, etc., to Germany, but Belgium was not fought over; it was quickly taken, and most of the accumulated building of centuries remains the same to-day as in 1913.

Second, the war activity of the Belgian Government was very small, hence it did not pile up a great war debt.

Third, the Government has run into debt since the armistice, issuing paper francs by the billions as loans or gifts to put her business back on its feet. One steel works that had all of its machinery taken by the Germans secured one hundred million paper francs. The company agrees that if the Boche fail to pay indemnities, then the company will pay back the hundred millions to the Belgian treasury.

It is easy to understand that restoration has been greatly accelerated. Labor has been in great demand and the market for merchandise of all kinds has been fine.

Belgians also profiteered more or less during the early days of the war. The German merchants bought up large quantities of goods at any prices asked. Of course the invading army requisitioned a good deal, paying in paper marks, which the Belgians were forced to accept. But in August, 1914, Belgium was full of merchandise. Antwerp at that time was the greatest port in Europe. So thousands of great fortunes were made here during the early and in some ways the darkest days of the war. These fortunes, being spent freely, have added to the distribution of prosperity.

The foregoing will explain why I saw this morning a crowd of over twenty thousand people along the wide river-front of Liège all dressed as well as I am, and, I am sorry to say, looking better fed.

Goods have been shipped in here from everywhere, not excepting Germany.

The stores display an ample supply of food and clothing—necessities; and in addition there seems to be a pre-war quantity of furniture, crockery, hardware, jewelry, laces, bicycles, and every other thing one could call for.

All gentlemen carry canes here. I do not begrudge a man a cane ordinarily, but there have probably been enough bought here since the armistice to have made a very large contribution to the starving children of Europe had the money been diverted to charity.

I have no doubt I will find some children somewhere for whom the American public can still be asked to give, but they are not in Belgium, nor indeed in France, for outside aid should not be received by a country containing a large number of very wealthy people.

I understand France, Belgium, and England are all giving relief money to Poland and Austria.

There is one cloud on the Belgian sky; almost any one can discern that it spells the word *Financial*. It does not yet cover the sun of temporary prosperity, but it will soon.

The public debt is about six billion dollars (before the war it was about one billion).

The State Bank has issued about one and a quarter billion dollars' worth of paper currency, to redeem which it holds a gold reserve of only five per cent.

These figures are based on a franc being worth par (about 20 cents), but the franc is now worth only 8 cents in United States money, and the Belgian Government must pay out a very large amount of such depreciated money to cover its expenses. It does not dare as yet to collect taxes enough to cover its expenses; neither does it dare to reduce substantially its activities, which include control of railways, wheat and flour prices, meat importations and refrigeration plants, and many other things that the people like to have the Government do, to reduce the cost of living.

The result shows in the last financial statement obtainable. The state Treasurer, in a speech in Parliament in December last, mentioned the expenditure for the recent twelve months of eleven billion francs and the total receipts of four billion francs. (I leave out the fractions, which about balance each other.)

All countries in the world have been more or less tainted with this poison of inflation, not excepting the United States of America. But nowhere does the intoxication produce more brilliant temporary results than here, and I am glad to be on the ground before the after effects follow. I have seen the after effects in England, where they have partially sworn off and now are having a spell of unemployment and confusion of counsel, with much bad temper thrown in.

For all that, England is in better shape than Belgium, and Belgium will probably get her feet on the ground a little later on. I studied Belgium twelve years ago, and find going over the same ground now very fascinating.

The people are among the most polite in Europe. The eight-hour day has supplanted the longer pre-war working hours; the men and women are hard workers, and the dogs—I mustn't forget them! I saw a man and dog pulling a

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cart loaded with 2,800 pounds of coal. My son remarked that he would want "a larger dog than that." I replied, "I should prefer six." But work is a fine art. These people know how to do a lot of things better than we can do them. They cannot buy auto trucks, nor pay 65 cents a gallon for gasoline; but they can make a two-wheel cart with wheels of large diameter, they can balance a heavy load carefully, and then on level streets they have found that one can push or pull a surprisingly large load. In addition they have trained dogs in the same art. It is a common sight to see a dog under the cart, entirely out of sight of the master, digging in desperately as though he might break his harness. "Faithful as a dog" has come to me many times; he *earns* a living. No amount of labor seems to destroy his spirit; he growls threateningly when passing another working dog, and when resting in the market-place all the dogs get their Irish up at times and have a fine fight.

When Germany was here, she paid for everything in paper marks at an arbitrary value of 1 mark to 1¼ francs. She allowed nothing but these paper marks to circulate. People were shot for less offenses than hesitating to receive them.

After the armistice the Belgian Government found over six billion of these worthless paper marks in the hands of the Belgian people.

They properly and promptly replaced them with Belgian francs, adding this very heavy item to their national debt.

I have not been able to learn how much has been paid to those manufacturing companies whose entire machinery and equipment were taken to Germany, but it also runs into billions of francs. This is not entirely a gift, as, if the Germans should, peradventure, not pay an indemnity, these manufacturers have agreed to reimburse their Government.

I have visited two plants—one which received five million francs, and the other the steel works I have already mentioned. The Director of the latter told me that he had been confined in a cell in Germany for two and one-half years, and that he was nearly starved to death.

When the Germans commenced to ship the machinery and part of the buildings to Germany, the company asked permission to make a record of everything; the Boche had time and again declared: "You will be paid for everything." Whatever confidence the company might have had at the time in such promises, they were rudely awakened when the Germans blew up the concrete foundations with dynamite. The records show that 105,000 tons were shipped from this one plant—over three thousand American car-loads.

Among all the plants where such thefts were committed, the Belgian Government was able to describe and demand the return of about twenty-five thousand machines, from small lathes to large rolling mills.

The Germans returned sixteen thousand, of which about ten thousand were in fair working condition, but of course much less valuable than when taken; the other six thousand are almost worthless. I saw many of each.

There is an undoubted shortage of animals here, or cows would not be used for plowing and people would not harness themselves to pull canal boats. Yet milk is not dear. This hotel paid 1 franc (8 cents) a quart yesterday for their milk supply, and 7 francs (56 cents) for a half-pint of cream.

People are raising chickens everywhere, and only beer and light wines are sold by the drink. If a man wants whisky, he must go to certain places, buy a bottle, and take it away unopened. I think this law is fairly well enforced, although I notice more wine-shops here than before, and most of them are screened from outside inspection. I hope to get more information on this subject.

W. C. Gregg.

A TRIAL OF THE SINGLE TAX IN CHINA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

SINGLE-TAXERS who are tired of straining their eyes toward the horizon of economic change can find a fair realization of their dreams by the simple expedient of packing up and moving to Kwantung Province, China. The single tax has made its début in one of the most populous and prosperous districts of the Far Eastern Republic. This section of China knows no income, inheritance, or personal property taxes, and outside the cities there is no tax on buildings or other improvements. It is now the purpose of Mr. Liao Chung-hai, Commissioner of Finance, to resurvey all the land of the province, register its value, make a second appraisal in ten years, and appropriate the unearned increment for the state.

"We are going to try, as far as possible, to put into practice the principles of Henry George," Mr. Liao told the writer in a recent interview. "As a matter of fact, what is virtually a single tax has been in existence in the country districts for many years. The farmer pays only a land tax and is not penalized for having the energy to improve his property. In the cities, however, the system is reversed. There the whole burden is borne by the buildings and the land goes free. This must be changed before Kwantung can claim to be a real follower of Henry George."

Mr. Liao anticipates no difficulty in carrying out his plan to collect the unearned increment, for Chinese farmers are accustomed to fairly high land taxes and Kwantung expects no sensational real estate booms that would raise the unearned increment to a dizzy figure. Though there is no direct land tax in the cities, its purpose is met by an assessment amounting to 8.4 per cent of the property's value, which is levied whenever real estate changes hands.

At present Kwantung Province, of which Canton is the capital, is in a serious financial plight through no fault of its system of taxation. The militarists from the neighboring province of Kwangsi, who captured Kwantung during the ascendency of Yuan Shi-kai and who were recently driven out by the Cantonese, left nothing in the treasury but the floor. Before retiring out of gunshot the military governor thoughtfully collected the taxes for three years in advance, and then departed, owing the public school teachers, policemen, and other government employees their wages for a period of nine months. The new Commissioner of Finance is therefore faced with a most unenviable job. Despite the vacuous condition of the treasury, however, Mr. Liao's first official act was to close up the city's gambling-houses, from which the government derived a revenue of ten million dollars a year.

"We hope to make up this deficit, first, by stamping out the 'squeeze' system, whereby several millions were lost to the government every year; and, secondly, by the resurvey of the land and a consequent increase in taxation," Mr. Liao explained. "The surveys on which taxes are now based are so antiquated and inaccurate that about one-third of the land escapes taxation altogether."

Mr. Liao hopes eventually to eliminate the salt tax, which, he says, is unjust, because it is borne chiefly by the poor. He wishes to supplant it by heavier taxes on wines and tobacco to make up the temporary deficit. The fact, however, that the foreign Powers permit China to charge only a five per cent duty on imports puts a serious difficulty in the way, for the province, by placing a heavy tax on its own products, will merely force its new tobacco industry out of business. The Commissioner of Finance has urgently requested the Powers administering China's maritime customs to permit a higher duty on tobacco and wines.

When, in a few years, the province has taken the kinks out of its finances and the appropriating of the unearned increment by the state has become a reality, the rest of the globe need merely take a "look-see" in Kwantung to learn whether or not Henry George had the right prescription for the world's economic stomach-ache.

Canton, China. Elsie McCormick.

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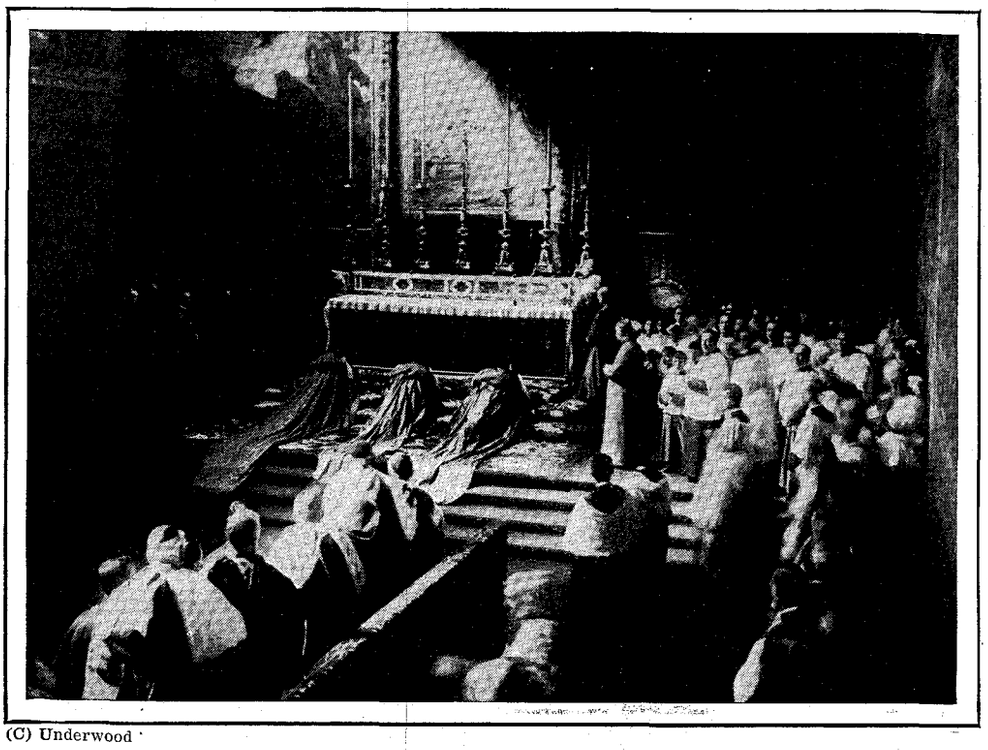
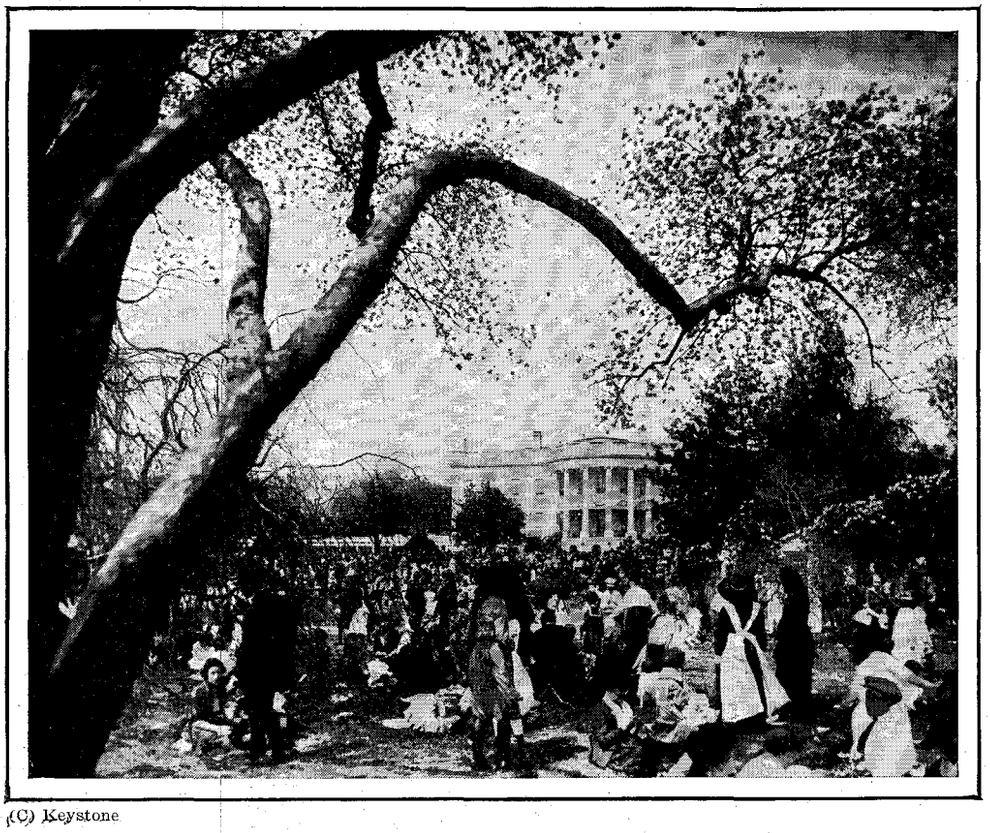
CEREMONIES GRAVE AND GAY



(C) Underwood

THE THREE NEW PRINCES OF THE CHURCH PROSTRATED BEFORE THE ALTAR IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL AT ROME ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR ELEVATION TO THE CARDINALATE

On the right is the Vatican choir; clergy of high degree are indicated by their elaborate costumes



(C) Keystone

NORMALCY. SYMBOLIZED BY THE RENEWAL OF THE AMERICAN CEREMONY OF ROLLING EGGS ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN ON EASTER MONDAY

On this occasion the children of Washington were the invited guests of President and Mrs. Harding

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WIVES OF CABINET MEMBERS

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MRS. HARRY M. DAUGHERTY

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MRS. HENRY C. WALLACE

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MRS. HERBERT HOOVER

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MRS. JAMES J. DAVIS

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A FUNERALIZING ON ROBBER'S CREEK

BY CELIA CATHCART HOLTON

PECULIAR to the Southern mountains is the custom of funeralizing. When a man dies, he is buried with no ceremony whatever, with not even much mourning on the part of the relatives. Ministers are few and scattered, there are no means of prompt communication with them and with interested friends at a distance, so only the demands of decency are complied with. After several members of a family have died, however, a pittance from the meager income is saved up for the purpose of hiring several ministers to conduct a funeral meeting, an elaborate event which more than atones for the apparent neglect.

Thus it happened that Cindy Cornett and her two sons had been dead several years before her daughter, Mary, "norrated it round" that there was going to be a funeralizing in the schoolhouse on Robber's Creek the third Sunday in October. The teachers from the settlement school across the mountain were especially urged to come. "Git up at candlelight, come over afore breakfast, and stay all day; now do, fer I'm aimin' to have a good dinner that day, and you're jist bound to come!" Mary's invitation was too attractive to be resisted. We had our breakfast before leaving the school, however, as making a six-mile climb on an empty stomach is no fun.

We reached the little white schoolhouse a few minutes after ten o'clock. Mary came running out to meet us, solemnly resplendent in a black funeral dress and a stiff white bonnet. "Come right in. We're havin' sech purty singin'." Having heard the mournful sounds long before we reached the meeting, we agreed that the singing left nothing to be desired.

The room was almost filled. The day was warm, so most of the men were sitting around in their shirt sleeves, although some were giving vent to their reverence by wearing vests. The smallest children were crying, already weary of being kept indoors; their elder brothers and sisters were running in and out of the room, the boys occasionally sitting down in a row against the wall to see who could spit the farthest, the winner being the acknowledged best man of them all. That the women were prepared for the affair could be seen not only by their hats, which gave evidence of all the styles from the early eighties on down, but also by their unusually distressed faces.

The platform at the end of the schoolroom held a couple of tables, upon which sat buckets of water. To these the children, and grown-ups as well, made frequent pilgrimages, all using the common dippers and carefully pouring back into the bucket any drops that might be left. The spring which supplied the drinking water was a half-mile away, and the day was warm. Around the wall sat the dignitaries of the meeting—the husband and father of the deceased, the officiating minister and the two "precious brethren" from neighboring counties, and the pillars of the church of both sexes who were gifted with the loudest voices. All their tunes were mournful, never ending on the keynote, and were sung with many quaverings and breaks of voice. At the conclusion of one song, a good old sister made her way up to the platform, selected a chair near the front, and sat down, removing her bonnet in order to cool off. She had probably climbed a mountain to get to the meeting. The high back-comb she took from her tight knot of hair, and down it fell. Carefully she combed it out, as unconcerned as if that were the conventional thing to do in church.

When the song service was finally ended, the preachers consulted together at great length as to what they should do next and who should do it; it fell to the lot of the officiating minister to pray, so he announced that we should all "git down" when we prayed, for all examples in the Bible proved that people should fall "prosprate on the ground." The prayer was long, punctuated by much spitting and blowing of nose on the part of the minister; many instructions were given the Lord as to whom, what, and how to bless; a little refrain, with a tune, of "O Lord, bless the brotherly love, O Lord, the love, O Lord, that flows from heart to heart, O Lord, from heart to heart," entered regularly every fifth or sixth sentence. When our knees were almost paralyzed, he stopped, arose, mopped his face, and began his "remarks." He read the three obituaries. The woman had left satisfaction behind, having lived a "considerable" Christian life, which was later read as a "consistent" Christian life; the first son had led a wild life "atter the fashion of most young men;" the second son had been shot, and some thought he had died praying. Each reading was greeted with sobs and groans from the mourners. The preacher then talked at length about the sureness of death and about that pale "figger who had his finger, cold and clammy, even then, at that very moment, upon our shoulders." In the course of time this minister gave way to Brother Osbourne, who expounded once more upon death's certainty, using as a text the story of the Passover, with much emphasis upon the blood upon the door. He was a firm believer in recognition after death and shouted to us that we should know Cindy when we reached heaven. Then he drew out his watch and, having talked thirty-five minutes "by his time," said he would let some of the other brethren talk. We sang another hymn before giving the next man his chance. His theme was similar to that of the others. He described the way the two robbers looked on Calvary as they were "expanded between heaven and earth." He worked himself into such a frenzy as he danced around the platform that the ends of his long, curled-up mustache fanned the air.

The theology of this service was typical of all the Hard-Shell Baptist teachings in this section of the mountains. There is no relation whatever between creed and actual living. Morality has no connection with religion. In fact, it seems that mountain people have no outlet for their passions, no chance for legitimate excitement which every normal being demands, save in these two extremes, paradoxical as it may sound, immorality and religious fanaticism. Some people choose one outlet, some the other; it is not unusual for some to choose both.

The exhorting which had figured strongly in each sermon now began to have its effect. One "dear dyin' sinner" came to the altar, while another lay across a desk, her face hot with tears, groaning: "O Lord, have mercy on my pore soul!" The people on the platform were shouting, crying, and shaking hands. One tall, spare old lady, with spectacles on the end of her nose and with hat resting on the back of her neck, got so happy that she danced about the platform, spinning round and round like a top, keeping time by clapping her hands. Another showed her zeal by throwing herself backwards from the edge of the platform, trusting to luck that some one would catch her; fortunately, some one always did, although a time or two I grew very nervous. The excitement at last subsided, the people sat down, and the ministers produced bread and a bottle of wine preparatory to serving the sacrament. From the odor, I should say that grape juice was not used. After this ceremony was performed, with no word as to its significance, water was brought in and towels were unwrapped for the foot-washing. The men sat in a double row, facing each other, at one end of the platform, the women the same way at the other end. The first woman tied a towel around her waist with strings sewed on the towel. She then washed the feet of the woman next to her, dried them on the towel, shook hands, gave the towel to this woman, who then performed the same service for the first woman. The men did the same way, so that, in the end, each person had his feet washed and had washed some one else's. This process was accompanied by much shouting and weeping, with an occasional hymn. As there were no books, one of the ministers lined off the hymns, reading a line, which was then sung by the congregation, then reading another, and so on. One man kept his mouth wide open while the line was being read, so that he was in position when the time came to sing again. When the foot-

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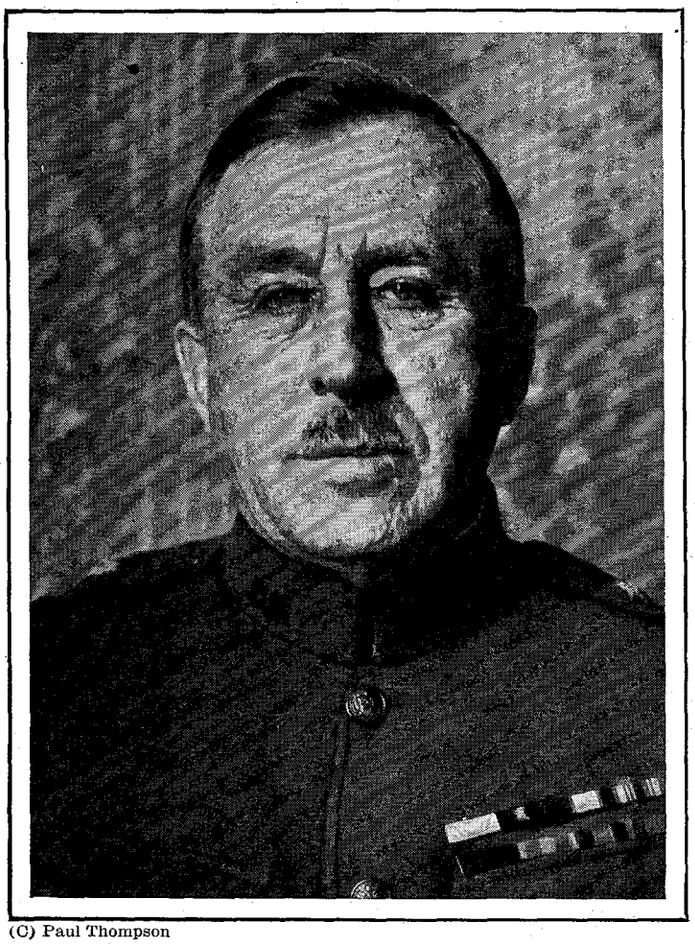
washing was over, one preacher's voice gave way entirely, so that he was reduced to silence.

As it was now about half-past two, the officiating minister decided to end the morning service. He assured the "fotched-on folks in the meetin'" (there being none others than the two of us from the settlement) that they could know "they wasn't a bit tireder than he was." With that the meeting was dismissed.

We went home with Mary to a splendid dinner in a clean little cabin on the side of a hill. When we thanked her for having been so kind to us, comparative strangers as we were, she answered, "Law me, honey, I hain't never seed a stranger!" That was my sermon for the day, for to me it was far more helpful, far more Christlike, than anything the funeralizing had produced.

GENERAL WOOD'S MISSION TO THE PHILIPPINES

BY TRAVERS D. CARMAN



(C) Paul Thompson

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, WHO IS ONE OF THE GREAT COLONIAL GOVERNORS OF HISTORY, IS NOW EN ROUTE TO THE PHILIPPINES TO INVESTIGATE CONDITIONS THERE ON BEHALF OF THE PRESIDENT

IT is recognized that in time of peace the Philippines are an asset of economic value as a commercial gateway into the Orient.

It is also recognized by military and naval authorities that in time of war the islands would become a grave liability, untenable as an army base, defenseless without a large fleet; or, as General Wood repeatedly stated during his campaign for the Presidential nomination: "A strong united naval fleet in the Pacific is essential to the maintenance of the Philippine Islands."

On the question of giving the Filipinos their independence the country seems divided in opinion. Politically speaking, the Democrats have been and are in favor of doing so; the Republicans, on the other hand, are apparently opposed to giving them complete independence until they have grown steady and assimilated the power that has been granted them during the past eight years of Democratic administration. The outgoing Governor-General, Harrison, serving under appointment by ex-President Wilson, has expressed the hope that he would be the last Governor by appointment of the President of the United States. During Harrison's term of office the Philippine Senate, with Quezon as President, and the House of Representatives, with Osmena as its executive head, were recognized as law-making bodies and given broad authority. Should not the Filipinos prove their ability to apply this new-gained authority efficiently and honestly in the legislative administration of the islands before their complete independence is allowed them?

Cameron Forbes, Harrison's predecessor as Governor-General and a Republican appointee, is regarded by the Filipinos at least as opposed to granting them their independence at this time.

From an economic standpoint, it is greatly to be questioned whether the Filipinos would benefit from their independence. The Jones Act gives them some material advantage over other nations in their commercial relations with us. They also in turn benefit from the operation of tobacco, rice, and sugar-cane plantations in the islands by large interests in this country.

The reported seriousness of the Japanese situation emphasizes the imperative need of securing authoritative information on all matters relating to the Philippines, that facts and not theories may direct and determine what our policy should be.

Recognizing the importance of immediate action, President Harding has appointed a mission of two, with seven others in the party, to go to the Philippines at once to make this investigation, the party sailing from Seattle on April 9.

In the President's selection of General Wood as Chairman of the mission there will be few to deny that he has picked the man best able to accomplish this mission brilliantly and successfully. He is trusted, believed in, and beloved by the Filipinos who knew him as Military Governor of Moro Province.

Cameron Forbes, ex-Governor-General of the Philippines, appointed to the mission as associate of General Wood, can make use, in this inquiry, of his knowledge of finance and his acquaintance with the islands. Attached to the mission are Colonel Frank R. McCoy, Chief of Harvard Missions in the East; Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon Johnson, who has seen many years of service in the Philippines; Major Edward Bowditch, former aide and valued assistant to Governor-General Forbes; and four experts to assist in securing and tabulating the information to be embodied in the final report submitted upon the mission's return to President Harding. Lieutenant Osborne Wood, General Wood's son, will accompany his father as aide.

General Wood stated, when I interviewed him, that it was obvious that premature expression upon the subject by him would defeat the object of the

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mission. He said, however, that he was instructed to secure a full and dispassionate report of the conditions as they were found to exist in the islands and make such recommendations as the results of the mission would justify.

He said further that he was looking forward to the trip with pleasure, and to the prospect of again visiting the islands and renewing his acquaintance there with his many Filipino and American friends.

It may be assumed that the mission will include a thorough study and investigation of the school system, the conduct of sanitary affairs, public works, finance, and the general administration of the islands. In estimating the efficiency of the present form of government I have no doubt that General Wood will take into consideration the shortness of the period of twenty years in which the United States has had to build up the Philippine nation; for the stability of a people and the capacity of individuals to become a nation depend upon character and not upon superficial education.

National solidarity can come only with a common language. The dozen or more distinct languages and sixty to seventy dialects to be found in the Philippines constitute one of the great problems affecting the question of whether the Filipinos are ready for their independence and can function as an independent nation without the support of the protectorate now exercised by the United States. The Filipinos cannot become an educated people until fathers and mothers, as well as their children, are the product of the Philippine school system; and their fitness for self-government depends upon the extent to which they have become an educated people.

We have attempted to do a job of nation building. It does not consist in hoisting a new flag in the world and turning a lot of untutored people loose.

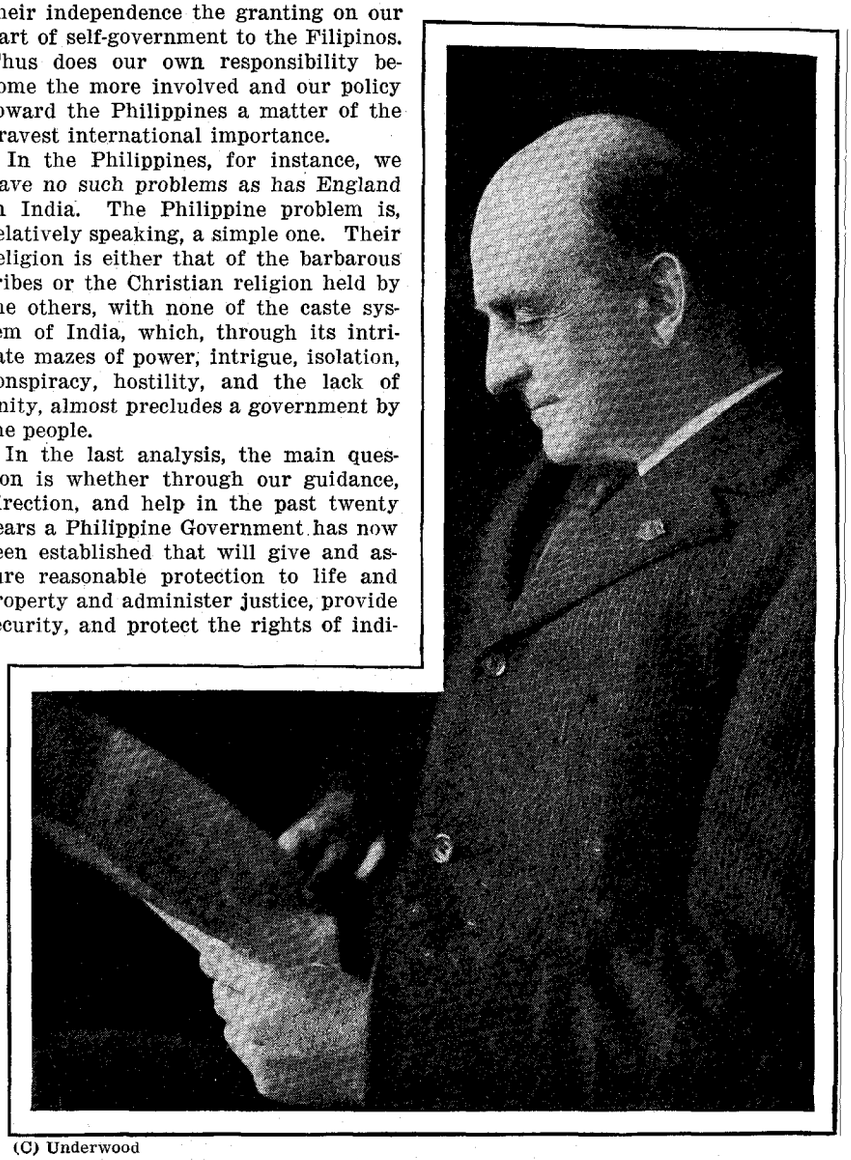
The question of granting independence to the Philippines should be approached from all angles, and a decision reached only after the most careful deliberation.

In this connection there is also to be considered the unrest in the East. The demand there for self-government is based on what we have done for the Filipinos and our rapid transfer of self-government to them.

At this time our policy in the Philippines is being closely and jealously watched by India, Java, Ceylon, and the Dutch colonial possessions; and these countries will be quick to use to their own advantage in attempting to secure their independence the granting on our part of self-government to the Filipinos. Thus does our own responsibility become the more involved and our policy toward the Philippines a matter of the gravest international importance.

In the Philippines, for instance, we have no such problems as has England in India. The Philippine problem is, relatively speaking, a simple one. Their religion is either that of the barbarous tribes or the Christian religion held by the others, with none of the caste system of India, which, through its intricate mazes of power, intrigue, isolation, conspiracy, hostility, and the lack of unity, almost precludes a government by the people.

In the last analysis, the main question is whether through our guidance, direction, and help in the past twenty years a Philippine Government has now been established that will give and assure reasonable protection to life and property and administer justice, provide security, and protect the rights of individuals. I believe that General Wood will bring back to President Harding and our people an honest report, with recommendations having in view, not alone the wishes and aspirations of an educated minority, but the safety and well-being of the great inarticulate mass of the majority.



(C) Underwood

CAMERON FORBES, FORMER GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINES, IS ASSOCIATED WITH GENERAL WOOD IN THE INVESTIGATION OF CONDITIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES

AMOK

A PHILIPPINE STORY

BY A. DALE RILEY

IF court hadn't convened so near Ramadan, or the sun hadn't shone so pitilessly upon yellowing abaca and withering rice-fields, or had the rains but come in time to save the ripening corn and keep the people from starvation and despair, there might still be a man the more to pay the cedula tax and reap scant harvests from the uplands of Bud Tukay, to dance the sayao to the time of the gabbang in the moonlight or come wandering back with copper trinkets from mysterious excursions into the dark. There might be a tale the less to be whispered by old women around the rice-pots at night or sung by young men to the wildly sounding agongs among the Parang hills.

But "naught shall befall save what Allah hath written down," says the Koran, and "Verily, what ye are promised will surely come, nor can ye frustrate it," and the sun, rising so red that it seemed to drip blood upon the wrecked cottas of Bud Daho, appeared a sign and a warning. The great cracks that opened across the fields and along the roads and the marang leaves, drooping like elephant ears in the noonday heat, seemed a prophecy of the time when roaring fires without a sign of flame in their rolling smoke were to sweep fiercely across the cogon grass, and green cocoanuts were to be taken from the trees, leaves stripped from the trunks and the trunks finally cut down that

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starving children might devour the hearts.

The Government officials, being unbelievers, made some attempt to meet the situation, but Allah is great, and they fell far behind in their estimates. Then, near the end of the fast, came the Judge of the Court of First Instance to try those who had been least affected, the prisoners in the jails.

And so it was that when the rains finally came with a rush of pent-up fury they beat upon many a fresh mound of the starving time, and upon one grave of a man who had lost his head to the case of criminal skulls, a grave hidden deep in the forest where flame-tree blossoms, sweeping down the wind, lodged in the soggy depression, an emblem of the man's departure, and clusters of night-blooming cereus moved like his ghost in the evening breeze.

* * *

LAJAHALI AMALOL arose at a sign from his counsel and amid a hum of voices strode hastily out of the court-room. At first he seemed dazed by the glare of sunlight on the street and the ever-moving groups of brilliant bajus, sawals, and sarongs. Then a friend stood before him with a rope in his hand. Lajahali grasped the cord mechanically, murmured a few works of thanks, and stuck a great toe into the hemp stirrup. While he climbed stiffly into the wooden saddle his friend melted again into the crowd. Lajahali sat looking about him, startled at the emaciated faces of his few friends among that gayly colored throng gathered outside the provincial building. Then he kicked the skinny little pony with his heels, and in another moment was trotting through the gates of the town, out the Asturias road, and toward the Parang hills.

It had been a long time—eighteen months in the provincial jail on a charge that hadn't been proved—but if that dim Malayan mind had shown but vague ideas regarding crime, it had revealed a remarkable ability to procure witnesses. Yet eighteen months, though too long for nothing, might be too short for killing a Chinaman. As he rode along Lajahali dropped the cord on the animal's neck from time to time, raised his hands, and slapped his thighs in despair at his inability to understand the intricacies of right and wrong. Once he slid from the saddle and stripped off a switch of young teak by the dusty roadside, and stood for some time cleaning off the leaves and bark. He carefully bound the turban about his head, while the pony continued to crop mouthfuls of dry weeds.

Around a bend just ahead, out of the deep shade of a dap-dap tree, came a party of Moros from Indanan, trotting along the road, their black-satin vests and pink flowing breeches gleaming, their buttons and barong handles glittering, and their swarthy brown faces shining as they rode out into the sunlight, with a great rattling of breastplate and saddle bells.

"Huh!" grunted the foremost, drawing up quickly as he recognized the man by the side of the road; "it is better to be in the cage by the rice-pots than out starving among the trees."

"Yes," said another, a patriarch of the municipality, "and the young man's nights are long in a house from which the woman has gone."

"Stop!" cried Lajahali in a voice that boomed like the lantaka from the hill-tops. "Old men are night birds that cry only tidings of ill."

The aged man sat stroking a few straggly gray hairs on his wrinkled chin and gazing down at the comely young Moro out of watery eyes. Three of the party rode up and stopped. Others passed by in a cloud of dust.

"Old men speak with the wisdom of age," he observed, calmly, "but young men heed them not. Yet I tell you, although the rains will come again and the flowers will bloom, a woman is only a woman and the grave is an easy bed of sleep for the little man-child in starving time."

Lajahali clapped a quick hand to his waist, then let it drop idly to his side. A look of the wild man of the jungle stole into his eyes.

"Tell me, old man," he demanded, thickly, for his speech had become cracked and harsh like the rattling of rice grains in a worn brass pot, "tell me of the woman and the child."

"When the hawk is overhead," began the old Moro in a sing-song chant, breathing all the hopeless melancholy of a caste that does not change, "when the hawk is overhead, the wise chick will beware; when the wildcat cries in the forest, the house-cat will be still; when the master plucks a rose, the wise bush stings him not, lest he cut it down. In the sight of the panglima, master of the village, Johaila was like the rose, but the panglima has many children, and he could never treat your little Hamja as his son."

The old man leaned forward as he spoke; words came not easily from his toothless gums.

"In the starving time," he said, earnestly, "the blossom drops off before the ripened fruit, and Panglima Sankula took not the woman away until the child was dead. She may not have lived, and she must have thought you could not come back, but now she has rice of Saigon for the evening meal when you have none, and the child can sleep this night while sleep will be far from your eyes."

Then he settled back in his saddle, and with a cut of his short whip was gone. In another moment the whole party had disappeared over the hill, and their dust settled upon the bare brown fields and the shimmering road, the carved wooden saddle and the skinny horse, the sarong that had fallen by the bushes, and the man who was going to a vacant house to spend the night alone.

MURMURING, the man remounted his sorry animal and rode on slowly, looking neither at the passing bamboo clumps, the copses of mangoes and wanis overgrown with orchids and tangled with vines, nor at the hills beyond (old volcanoes whose craters slept under flapping plantains and waving palms), but keeping his eyes upon his horse's shoulders and flicking the switch savagely against its brand scars from time to time. A flock of white parrots dipped toward the valley, then, perceiving the lonely figure on the dusty road, arose and swept chattering across to the forests on an opposite hill. A low hum arose from a near-by hemp patch as the rider passed under a gigantic banyan at an abrupt turn. Green flies bumped against his face and arms, a small gray viper crawled into the dust-covered weeds by the roadside, but he seemed oblivious to all these senses and sights and sounds.

A bright-yellow glow still lingered in the western sky, although its reflection had faded to an almost imperceptible pink in the east, glowing faintly through darkening acacia trees, when Lajahali stopped before a dilapidated bamboo structure covered by a thatch of sac-sac that he had once dignified by the name of home. A rough board fence surrounded the lower part of the house, where the cattle had been kept before they had gone to pay for attorney fees and witnesses, but the ground that had always been so slimy and damp and cool was now parched and cracked and the grass that had sprung up hung yellow and dead. When the man climbed the creaking ladder and pushed aside the sagging amacan door, he saw that his feathers had been taken from the nest with his bird, for only a small bench and rough board table remained in the single room. Several broken clay pots still lay upon the square box of earth where fires were kindled, and a blackened iron tripod rested against the wall, one of its legs raised and pointing, as if in protest, towards the doorway.

The Moro unfastened the girth, turned his animal loose, and carried the saddle up the steps. Then, taking a small bottle of oil from its loop on the pommel, he poured a little out into a piece of one of the pots. When the room grew dark, he twisted a rag into the oil and lit his lamp. But he did not eat; he did not sleep. All night he lay awake upon his lonely mat on the bamboo floor, his slothful brain wandering in a maze of ideas and reflections that came and went like the gliding phantoms of a dream.

IN the morning came Imam Ali from the house of the panglima, bland and fat and sleek near the end of the starving time, to deliver words of wisdom to Lajahali Amalol and to bid him begone from the house of his lord, since the house had been appropriated in payment for counsel and witnesses after all the cattle had been sold and the fruit picked from the trees. It was not good, explained the imam, and his voice was low and smooth, with a rubbing quality like the melody of the gabbang floating at evening over a quiet sea—it was not wise for Amalol to remain in the neigh-

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borhood of the panglima at a time when the stain of the accusation had not yet been forgotten nor the debt of the trial wiped away.

Lajahali listened in silence; but in the words of the priest of Allah he seemed to hear the rustle of musty silks and old embroideries hidden away in Sankula's secret drawers, the dull bong of age-old gongs and the faint tinkle of glass bells, the quiet shuffle of slippered feet and the soft thud of a falling Chinaman.

" 'There is no manner of regaining the affection that has been snatched away,' " the imam was misquoting from the "Chapter of Women," " 'and there is no honor in suffering its loss.' Therefore it is but right that you leave a place that must have sown evil in your heart which others may reap—"

"There is but one road left to travel," interrupted Lajahali Amalol angrily, arising and muttering dark words in Arabic that caused the smooth-faced imam to start; but Amalol laughed and sank back upon the mat.

"Grant but a few days, O priest," he begged, "and show me the grave of the little man-child, that I may carve a small post for its head."

"It is well that you do so," mumbled the imam, reassured; but when they stood by the mound of crumbled earth at the base of a marang tree not a hundred yards from the house and he perceived the face of the man who stood before him, dark as the clouds that rise over the Sulu Sea before the storms, he quoted from the Koran the words of warning, one of the few injunctions that he knew:

" 'And do not kill yourselves; verily, Allah is compassionate unto you.

" 'But whoso does that will be broiled with fire.' "

With a great show of pompous dignity he spoke the words that must be obeyed, and, turning away, was soon passing out of sight among the trees.

THEN it was that Lajahali Amalol began to carve the teak post for the grave of his little son through the long days of heat and hunger; but always in the evening came thoughts and visions, until one night he arose from the mat and, reaching far into a bamboo corner-post, pulled out a rusty barong. Thereafter when the lights disappeared from the village for the night he polished and sharpened, sharpened and polished, until he could cut the hairs from his forearm and see his face in the gleaming blade, all the while wailing in a low, strained voice, like the creaking of a bamboo copse before a southwest monsoon:

> Love will come to all some day,
> Ah-ah-ay-ay-ee-eee!
> Love from me has gone afar,
> Ah-ah-ay-ay-ee-ooo!"

"Six days has the man been at work on that post for the grave," observed the imam one evening, arranging a sweet pill in the tiny bowl of the long-handled ivory pipe before handing it to the panglima, sprawling on a gaudy pink mattress against cushions of red and white, and looking vacantly up at the curious figures on the blue and yellow cloth stretched across the ceiling.

"Huh!" grunted Panglima Sankula; "six days, but at last it is finished and was set up on the grave at sunset."

"Then," observed Imam Ali, lying back against his pillows to enjoy the brass pipe he held so affectionately between greasy fingers, "he should be leaving to-morrow, for it is not good to remain like that—alone, and always thinking. I have heard that he talks much to himself in the day, and there are those who have heard the man singing at night."

"To-morrow he will go," said the panglima with decision, as he stretched out his fat legs and lay back breathing in the quieting smoke; "but a starving crow can harm few chicks," he added complacently.

Yet that same night Lajahali Amalol was swimming in another sea of pale-blue visions—a sea of heads old and young, bald heads that looked wrinkled like the tops of skulls, hairy heads of men and women and children, black and gray, and always he was swinging his glittering barong among them to keep them down. Not one must be missed. But now there were shoulders and arms and legs that kept arising around him until he must cut desperately to keep from drowning in a sea of limbs.

And then he awoke, trembling and wet with perspiration; but when he closed his eyes the heads appeared again, until he finally dozed off into a fitful sleep to dream of rows of rice-pots filled to overflowing. He tried to catch them, for they were dancing away from him, and yet they were standing in a row. Only when he reached for them they danced. Then he caught one, but when he plunged a hand into the boiled rice greedily his fingers became entangled in damp black hair, and he pulled out the head of his child. Again he awoke in a cold sweat. The wick flickered in the oil and across the room his own shadow danced like the pots.

"Always they come," he muttered feverishly, "always," burying his face in his arms, "but to-morrow—"

THE night was very quiet, but through it all there came a faint sound of rustling leaves and soft airs bringing the fragrance of sampaguita and camellia flowers. Then suddenly a breeze sprang up that rattled the amacan doors and windows, puffed out the light, and whistled through the split-bamboo walls. The man shivered like one with an ague, but in a few moments it had died away, leaving the air pleasantly cool, and he went to sleep.

When Lajahali awoke the sun was streaming through the cracks of his house. He felt more refreshed than he had seemed for many days. He arose and stood stretching himself, at first a bit unsteadily. Then he picked up the barong by his pillow, swung it about his head several times, and allowed it to hang suspended along the line of his back from his right hand resting upon his shoulder, in the act of striking a descending blow. Over barong and hand and shoulder he flung a many-colored Malay pis, completely covering them. And then he stepped quietly to the door. It may be that the heads seemed to be crowding around him again, or perhaps the white horse of heaven, appearing as he descended the steps, dilated the pupils of his eyes and caused them to shift so rapidly as he strolled down the path, cautiously and apparently unconcerned.

The market-place was crowded, for fish could still be caught, and this morning the people lingered long in their filth and rags to discuss the heavy clouds gathering in the south and rejoice at their prophecy of rain.

Lajahali approached slowly and mingled casually with the crowd, every muscle strained and every nerve tingling as he worked his way with a mincing step into its midst. There were the heads just as in his dreams. Now they were all about him. He arose to the very tips of his toes, and, digging his tense fingers into the handle of his deadly weapon, struck down with all his power.

Shrieks and screams and streams of red warmth that spurted up into his eyes, and the heads ebbed away like a receding wave. The madman followed, striking, striking, again and again, until a thin brown line gathered far ahead of him and a shot rang out. The bullet pierced his breast like a needle, sharp and clean. He turned and rushed directly upon the line of khaki soldiers. Nothing must escape, himself least of all.

Crack! crack! crack! crack! spat the rifles, but he leaped into the air and sped on, on.

Crack! crack! Up into the air and on again, on until a roar of thunder and a volley that stopped him short and tore into his vitals like a rain of fire. He sprang high, hurling his barong at the nearest with his last ounce of strength, and fell, down, interminably, while his red visions changed to black.

* * *

"PRETTY close shave, that," remarked the captain to his lieutenant as the native soldiers endeavored to keep the people back until the chieftain of the district arrived to identify the dead.

"Yes, sir, that barong slit the sergeant's coat sleeve," replied the young Filipino excitedly.

"Well, it's a fine time for such things now, with nothing for them to eat and the sun hot as hell. We'll be lucky if there's no more of them. Right at the end of Ramadan, too!"

"Yes, sir, that's the worst time of the year."

Up the road came Panglima Sankula, riding a sleek white horse, and over his countenance spread an inscrutable smile.

"Yes, I know the man," he admitted, shortly, in answer to the captain's inquiry; "tuan, I have known him many years."

"Oh, yes," after further questioning,

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he continued smoothly and with a great spreading of hands; "yes, tuan, it may be because he came out of the jail so well fed by your gracious Government that he couldn't endure the starving—so suddenly—and the news that his child had died—and his wife was gone.

"I have provided for the woman out of my own pitiful store," he added, blandly, "for of the man she was much afraid."

"Another man just dead, sir," reported the sergeant, "making three men, two women, two children, killed and six others wounded, sir."

"Even worse than I thought," muttered the captain. "Well, turn the head over to the surgeon for an autopsy, and," he added meaningly, glancing at the imam, who had now come up, out of the corners of his eyes, "I'm wondering if the blood of a pig sprinkled over that body mightn't counteract the effect of a dangerous example. It has been done before."

"Pray do not that," cried the imam, raising his hands in pious horror, "or by that abomination in the sight of Allah you will disgrace us all."

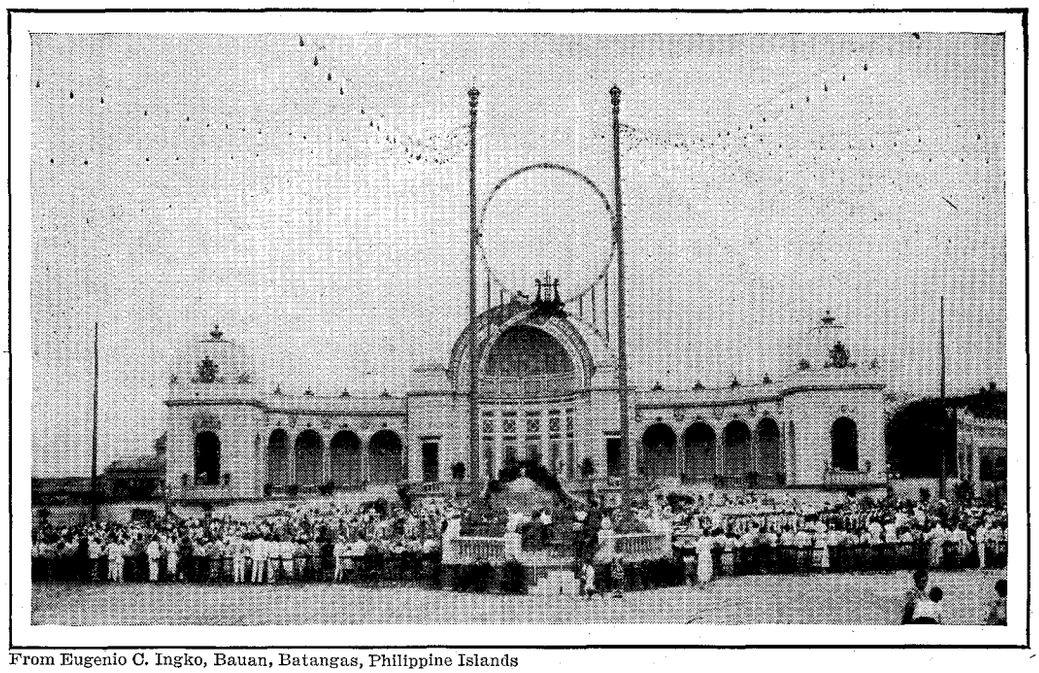
"No, do not this terrible thing," pleaded the panglima, the bland smile fading from his countenance, "else I may not be able to restrain my people from anger and wrath; but give me the body, and I will bury it far in the forest where the mound will sink under the rains and the leaves will cover it and the weeds will grow over it, and no man shall know where it lies."

ARE THE FILIPINOS PREPARED FOR INDEPENDENCE?

BY FLORENCE G. MILLER

A CARNIVAL IN HONOR OF MAGELLAN IN THE PHILIPPINES

"The picture," our informant says, "gives a faint idea of the magnificence and beauty of the Philippine Carnival. It is the auditorium in which the Queen of the Festival was crowned. It is only a small portion of the Carnival City. Perhaps most Americans know that the Philippines hold a Carnival annually. An exposition is often connected with it in which examples of Philippine industry and possibilities for commercial enterprise are exhibited. The Carnival this year, held in February, was named the Magallanes Carnival, in honor of Magellan, who four centuries ago discovered the archipelago"



From Eugenio C. Ingko, Bauan, Batangas, Philippine Islands

THE question of Philippine independence has been brought before the minds of the American people at intervals more or less frequent during the last twenty years. The American Government has a problem to solve which it seeks to do with justice for the Filipino and with honor to itself. The pivotal question is: Are the Filipinos sufficiently advanced and developed to maintain their own government? Are they able to maintain peace among the various tribes of the islands and defend their shores against foreign intrigue and attack? Are the people, the masses, sufficiently enlightened to comprehend the meaning of an independent existence? Are they interested in the question of independence which is being agitated by the various political leaders of the Philippines?

To understand the complex situation which Congress must consider relative to the question of self-government for the Filipinos one must know the geography of the country and the characteristics of its inhabitants.

The Philippine archipelago comprises many islands scattered over a great area. Communication between them is difficult and at times well-nigh impossible.

There are various lines of steamers between the important ports, and inter-island communication is frequent. But between the smaller islands and those of less importance the sailing vessel, dependent upon wind and often delayed for a tardy cargo, proves the only means of transportation. There is great lack of good roads and highways, the towns being connected by trails. A few short lines of railways extend from the principal commercial centers.

Lack of roads, difficulty of communication, and the isolation of many of the islands have been serious barriers for the development of the country and have prevented the inhabitants becoming homogeneous, with kindred aims and ideals.

The people are of the Malay race, and are divided into various tribes, the principal of which are the Tagalog and Visayan. The Tagalog race occupies principally the island of Luzon, on which is located the capital of the Philippines, viz., Manila.

The Visayan race is found on the island of Panay, having as its chief city the commercial port Iloilo.

Due to the location of these islands, especially Luzon, the Tagalog and Visayan races have come into continual contact with other countries. They have traded with the mainland of Asia and its surrounding islands through a long interval of time. When the trade route to the Indies was opened to European sailors, Manila became known, and later belonged, successively, to Spain, Holland, England, and again Spain. The Spaniards occupied these islands four centuries and gave to the inhabitants their civilization, their language, and their religion. The sons of the better

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classes were educated in the schools of the Catholic orders and occasionally finished their course of study in Spain or in some capital of Europe. The daughters were convent-bred and many became the wives of the Spanish officials and merchants. There was added too an infusion of Chinese blood, which made their descendants an able and intelligent race and gave to the Filipinos of to-day their leaders and aspirants. The other groups of the Philippines are not as well known; neither have they had the same advantages, due to the physical condition and location of the other islands and to the characteristics of their inhabitants. They have the same strain of foreign blood, and have been subject, though in less degree, to the same influences which made the Tagalog and Visayan the predominant races. However, they have come into less contact with the outside world and have kept unchanged their racial attributes and customs.

The tribes known as the non-Christians live in the interior, distant from the coast. They are a primitive people and live principally by hunting. They cultivate the soil to a slight extent; they have a tribal form of government and a religion which is a form of fetishism. They seldom come into contact with the other Filipinos, whom they justly consider their natural enemies. The ruthless encroachments of the Christian Filipinos upon this childlike and defenseless people have obliged them continually to recede from their holdings in the valleys until at the present time they occupy the inaccessible portions of the islands.

There is another distinct class of people who inhabit this interesting country. They are the Moros, a fearless and warlike people. They are not native to the islands, having come into the country a marauding and proselyting tribe. Their religion, their customs and manners, are diametrically different from those of the other groups of the Philippines. They have nothing in common with the natives of the Philippines save the tie of blood, being Malays. They are Mohammedans by faith, and by the very nature of their religion are not in sympathy with the Filipinos. The Filipino fears the Moro; and the Moro neither respects the Filipino nor has he any regard for his ability or authority.

These various races, divergent in development, antagonistic in religious principle and creed, mistrustful of one another, will not submit to the rule of any one group.

It would be a serious mistake to place in the hands of the leading Philippine politicians the peace, happiness, and safety of a people which is not homogeneous and among whom exist tribal hatred and fears.

I have lived in the Philippines a period of nine years. I had exceptional opportunity to study the life of the people. I was entertained in their homes. They came and lived in mine. I learned their language and their customs. We became friends. They opened their hearts to me. They told me of their interests, their beliefs, their joys, and their sorrows. I learned to know their view-point.

A description of the customs and the manners of the people of the province in which I lived is a fair portrayal of the inhabitants of the various provinces of the islands and bears evidence of the complicated situation that confronts the administration of each province.

The province of Palawan is the most western of the Philippine archipelago and comprises many islands, the largest being the island of Palawan, fifth in size of the Philippine group and distant from Borneo sixty miles across the Straits of Balabac. This province is not on the regular trade routes and is not well known. A few magnificent harbors indent its coasts; and, together with primeval forests and rich soil, the province gives promise of great commercial activity. The people are few and very much scattered.

The Christian population consists of the Cuyonos, who are of the Visayan group. Due to isolation, they have remained unspoiled by outside influence, and are of fairly unmixed blood. They do not toil unless driven by the demands of hunger, or else impelled by desire for the acquisition of a new garment or a trinket for some *fiesta*.

A Spanish priest aptly described their labor platform as follows: "They prepare one-half of a piece of land for sowing. They sow one-half of what they have prepared; cultivate one-half of what they have sown; and reap one-half of what they have cultivated." Their food consists, principally, of fish and rice. They love music. The sound of the guitar is heard in every home and they dance with great form and ceremony their beautiful native dances. They go to mass and faithfully observe the obligations of their faith.

They know little concerning those in authority, a change of heads being no more than a change of masters.

The town is governed by a council consisting of a presidente and his councilors. They constitute the most important men in the community and administer its affairs in patriarchal manner. They are respected and under proper guidance give good government.

Under Spanish control the province had no school advantages. Only the families of the better class could afford to send their children to the convents in Manila or Iloilo to acquire their limited education.

The people were illiterate. They scarcely knew the language of their conquerors, spoke only their native dialect, and needed an interpreter to carry on speech with their kindred tribes living on neighboring islands. With the advent of the American soldier came the American school. The building of schools could not keep pace with the eager desire of the Cuyono to learn, which merited the magnificent efforts of the American to teach him. The natives learn quickly in the early stages of their school life; but there comes a period of arrested development, and only the brighter minds of the Filipinos attain the higher grades. The Cuyonos are gentle, peace-loving, and non-aggressive.

The Moros occupy the choice sections of land in the south of the province. They are fearless and aggressive. For centuries they made annual raids upon the Christian inhabitants, attacking defenseless villages and returning to their homes with captive Christians, whom they made their slaves. The fortified churches of the principal municipalities bear evidence of their daring and success. These churches are large stone edifices and are built like a fort. In the days of Moro invasion provisions and water were stored within the fort and upon the approach of the dreaded enemy the people sought shelter within the walls and were enabled to withstand a siege. As late as 1888 the last raid was made upon the beautiful little island of Cuyo. To this day the Cuyonos fear the Moros. They remember former years. The Moros at present are living in peace with their neighbors; not because of change of heart, but because of great respect for the American strong arm.

In the interior live the primitive tribes, the Batacs and Tagbanuas. They are the non-Christians.

The Batacs are very low in mental development, having scarcely emerged from a state of barbarism. They do not cultivate the soil. Their food consists of roots, herbs, creeping things, larvæ of bees, wild honey, and monkeys, which

Underwood

IGORROTE GIRLS RUNNING AN AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE

Bontoc is in the wild regions of the island of Luzon, near the haunts of the head hunters, close to the most northerly part of the Philippines

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they kill with a poisoned arrow. They have no shelter but a lean-to made of leaves and branches of trees. Their clothing is a loin cloth made of the beaten bark of a tree. We took into our household a Batac youth to learn a few English words and to become accustomed to the ways of the white man, that he might be used as an interpreter for Government officials and be a guide to his people. But he was hopeless. He returned to his people as he had come, happier in his native habitat, stalking his game, baiting his fish, and making his mate do his bidding. Centuries must come and go ere his tribe will attain a state of well-developed civilization.

The Tagbanuas are more advanced. They live in houses and plant rice. They are gentle and peace-loving, simple and childlike in their trust, and through many years have been the prey of the ruthless Moro. From time immemorial they have been driven into servitude by their stronger neighbors. They are intelligent and learn quickly. They are the only tribe in the Philippines which has a native alphabet. It is distinctive, hieroglyphic in form, and scientists believe it to be evidence of a former civilization or race of people.

On one of the inspection trips into this territory made by the Hon. Dean C. Worcester he asked an assembly of Tagbanuas how many could read their native script. Every hand was raised in affirmative response, a percentage greater than in any of our industrial centers with every educational advantage.

In our own home we took into our care some of the sons of the various tribes, each one a fine type of his people, whom we sent to school to learn English and to know American ways and institutions.

The Christian, Mohammedan, and non-Christian lived together in harmony. Their creeds were respected, and their customs sustained.

In like manner, the various tribes of the Philippine Islands are held under one head. They live in peace with one another and are prosperous. Justice is

From "The Philippines Past and Present," by Dean C. Worcester. Courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

MANDAYAN BOY

The Mandayans are a wild tribe, devoted to fighting; they inhabit southeastern Mindanao, the most southerly of the main islands of the Philippine group

administered equally to all. The helpless are protected and the ignorant *tao* is given an opportunity to taste the blessing of free action. This is due to the restraining hand of the American Government. Philippine independence will not give to the masses advantages and opportunities for development. The reins of government will be in the hands of a few who will rule by virtue of position and educational advantages. The powerful will prey upon the weak. Caciqueism, a form of slavery which American officials sought to exterminate, will maintain its sway. There will be internal uprisings and dissension due to racial characteristics and jealousies, which the central Government will not be able to control. Neither does the *tao* —a Tagalog word for the common people—comprehend self-government. For centuries the *taos* have been in subjection to some individual or power that controlled all the movements of their lives.

A people who by race and tradition have never known any other than a paternal form of government cannot evolve within a generation, or two, into an independent political existence.

Many centuries elapsed and much blood was shed before Magna Charta was given to a liberty-loving people and many centuries more were added to the history of the Anglo-Saxon race before it could maintain a representative form of government.

The Filipinos are not sufficiently developed to attain in two generations that which required many years of struggle and slow growth for the most intelligent self-governing nations of the world.

The American Government has given to the Filipinos wonderful opportunities and guidance for development in government. It has given them an educational system unsurpassed in its scope and generosity. It has given to coming generations of the Philippines all that it gives to its own; but it cannot change the inherent nature of the Filipino.

With careful thought and unselfish devotion the United States Government must continue to guide the Philippine people—old in race, but young and inexperienced in government—in order that they may know and comprehend the responsibilities and obligations of a self-governing nation, and thus take their place with honor and confidence among the governing bodies of the world, and without endangering the peace of mankind.

A BANKRUPTCY AMONG THE WHEAT FARMERS

BY W. T. COE

A BANKRUPTCY among the Scandinavian farmers of the Northwest is rare. Every one has credit. Sometimes children who are employed run accounts of their own at the stores. A child's antecedents for at least three generations are known in these communities. The original stock came from Europe, but at least two generations were born in America.

Credit is based upon honesty, and honesty is largely a matter of heredity. Every farmer among these folk has a credit, large or small, according to his reputation for honesty. Rarely is anything lost on bad debts. Merchants seldom send out statements; the farmer considers himself insulted if a store bill is mailed to him. When he has money from the sale of his crop, he will come into the store and pay. Poultry, eggs, and butter are turned in on the store bills. If too much is delivered, the farmer is given aluminum token money of different denominations, stamped with the merchant's name and location. Often the dressed turkeys alone pay the old bill and supply enough token money to pay for the greater part of next year's bill of supplies. This token money is worth par at the issuing store at any time it is presented. It supplies the extra circulating medium.

So long as the turkey currency lasts, these Scandinavian villages of the Northwestern wheat fields do not worry about the volume of the Federal Reserve notes. Turkeys seem to thrive in this territory. Thirty thousand dollars' worth were shipped out of one Minnesota village alone for the holiday market in 1920.

Living in one of these communities was a young farmer named Bjarne Bjerke, commonly called Barney Burke, a Norwegian, and not an Irishman, although the sound of his name would indicate that he might be a Sinn Feiner. Among Norwegians one must not be surprised at the similarity between Irish and Norwegian names. Bjarne's wife was Nora Dohlen, pronounced Dolan, but her father's name was Ole and not Mike. Like Bjarne, she was pure Norwe-

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gian. A neighbor of Barney's spelled his name Norlien, but pronounced it Nolan; another, Andrew Toohey, spelled his name Thue. Mike Phalen spelled his name Faloen; Tom Quealley spelled his name Kvalle; Oscar Dailey spelled his name Dahle. These people lived in Nora township, originally spelled Norre, meaning north. These names suggest that the sea-roving Vikings doubtless settled the south of Ireland as well as Normandy and the east coast of England. At any rate, Barney Burke was not Irish.

He was the son of Marin Bjerke, a well-to-do woman who owned a large wheat farm. Barney fell out with his mother and decided to farm on his own hook, so he rented a big wheat farm for cash rent in the spring of 1920, bought his farming outfit at the annual spring sales, on time, and borrowed money at the bank to buy seed. He got credit at the stores for his summer's supplies. When he threshed his wheat, his landlord was on the job and got the greater part of his rent from the wheat money. Then the prices of farm products fell so steadily that when Barney's crop was sold there wasn't enough to go round by $1,500. He got only his food for his work and he was in debt. His mother was old and would soon be passing, so his creditors decided to wait until Barney got his share of the estate. Barney decided to forestall them and filed a petition in voluntary bankruptcy, naming them all and the amounts owed to each. He played no favorites. There were *no* assets, and the liabilities totaled a little less than $1,600. The banker and the business men—all Scandinavians—were up in arms. The village talked of nothing else for a week. Barney had suffered the losses common to all, due to the unfortunate decline in the price of farm products. Every one was sorry for him, but they deplored and condemned his seeking the bankruptcy route.

Honesty in paying bills was an unwritten law. One might not be able to pay to-day, but he paid as soon as he could. A bankrupt—a man who would never pay and who wouldn't try—was a pariah.

Three old heads gathered one morning at the post office, the town meeting-place. One said: "Barney is getting bad advice. Let us get him in and tell him he is making a mistake. Let us urge him to dismiss his bankruptcy petition and settle by giving long-time notes, payable a little each year, as the Allies are doing with the war indemnity."

Another wise head said: "You'll have to go back a generation if you want to instill that doctrine into Barney. Years ago, I used to be a grain buyer. Many's the time Marin Bjerke has tried to bluff me into giving her an extra bushel on the weight of her load of wheat by claiming she had weighed it at home and that I was trying to cheat her."

The third said: "She once brought a coop of chickens to my store to sell. I weighed the chickens and dumped them into my coop. She promptly claimed the weight of the chickens on her scales was twenty pounds more than my weights showed. She tried to shame me by saying: 'You are trying to cheat a poor widow.' Fortunately, I hadn't mixed the chickens with any others. I told my clerk to go with her, catch the chickens, and take them across the street and have my competitor weigh them. She demurred at this, but I insisted; she had attacked my reputation for honest weight. I told her I couldn't and wouldn't stand for it; that my character was at stake. Reluctantly, she went along. My competitor found my weights were right."

A fourth man had by this time joined the three wise ones. He was the young manager of the Farmers' Co-operative Elevator. He laughed and said: "Only yesterday Marin Burke sent a load of her wheat to the elevator. I weighed it and she tried to beat me out of seventy pounds of wheat worth about two dollars. I just wouldn't let her beat her neighbors who own stock in our elevator out of even two dollars."

The three wise ones who had followed the star of Bethlehem known as common honesty, a guiding star among the wheatfield men for all these years, shook their gray heads.

"If we expected to get that bankruptcy petition dismissed, we should have started a generation ago."

THE MAN WHO SANG

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

HE runs no more, light-footed, on high hills,
Where beautiful weeds bend with a laugh from the wind;
He has forsaken his dear fairy kind
And sharpens now no wild swan's magical quills.
He has rejected Music, and he fills
With a stern god the house where she was shrined;
He is a citizen, of sober mind,
And like a sober man he pays his bills.

But there are days—! Somewhere a flute starts in,
Somewhere a horn, somewhere a violin!
A lute, a harp, like silver waters falling!
Then through his ordered being sweeps unrest;
For when he hears his lost beloved calling
There is no peace for him save on her breast.

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FISHING BY AIRPLANE

AN ARNOLD ADAIR STORY

BY LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS

IN the Berryman household Malcolm Berryman and Arnold Adair were discussing with Malcolm's mother the high cost of food that since the war had threatened to upset the household budgets of every family in the land. Wage-earners were striking for higher pay, and by their strikes reducing the output and supply. Employers were charging more to meet this higher pay and the higher cost of their families' food. Consumers everywhere were compelled to pay more for everything they bought—all because everybody must have food, and it was costing more.

Experts and economists might argue all they pleased, legislators might enact restraining laws, individuals might continue to protest against imminent bankruptcy, yet remorselessly the price of food went up and other necessities of life kept pace with it. Even the people of California, the land of milk and honey, sea food, and fruit—even these lucky people of the land of plenty suffered unaccountably with the common distress of the Nation.

Like the competent housewife she was, Mrs. Berryman conducted all the affairs of their country place on a budget system, and she kept well within the allowance made for this purpose by the generous head of the Berryman family. Yet, try as she might, she could not make ends meet as they used to, nor could she conceal her irritation at the outrageous demands made upon her purse by the tradesmen in town for staple articles of food that were now double and treble their customary cost.

"I told the fish-market man he was a profiteer, and nothing less!" Mrs. Berryman said to her family in great indignation in relating the story of her morning marketing. "Mr. Parker owns the cannery here, and he operates his own fleet of fishing smacks off the coast. I've seen those boats loaded full of sardines and salmon and herring and mackerel and tunny fish—caught in one day—yet he has the audacity to charge me thirty cents a pound for a mess for dinner. What the poor people do nowadays I am sure I do not know!"

"There are no poor people nowadays, mother," observed Oliver Berryman, smiling. "You never saw so many motor cars on the streets of San Diego as there are to-day. Probably every one of Parker's employees owns a Ford. Parker has to charge more for his fish to pay for the automobiles."

"I thought Parker had closed down his fish cannery," said Malcolm, turning to his older brother, who was a man of affairs in the city. "I saw something about it in the paper."

"Not altogether," returned Oliver. "There's been a slump in the run of fish this summer, and he operates the cannery on part time only. Parker's not a bad fellow, mother. You'd do the same if you were in business nowadays. You must charge your customers enough to pay your expenses or else you close your doors. He is not a profiteer. Didn't you find fish the same price all over town?"

Mrs. Berryman confessed rather reluctantly that Oliver was right. She had spoken her mind to each of them about the sin of profiteering, and each had protested that he made less profit to-day than he did a year ago, when fish were selling for half the present price. She resolutely advised them to bring down their prices at once if they wanted to sell her any more fish. She would boycott fish until they were again reasonable in their charges.

"That's the spirit, mother!" laughed Oliver. "If everybody boycotts fish, then there will be more fish than there are consumers, and the price will certainly go down. Supply and demand regulates prices, you know. If you can't increase the supply, then reduce the demand, and the value of the commodity falls just the same."

Arnold Adair had been listening attentively to a discussion which interested him exceedingly. Here, three thousand miles away from New York, families were confronted with the same problems of living; they were exasperated by the same inexplicable outlay of income for simple items of food and clothing; they felt the same resentment, yet after consideration they came to the same conclusion. Supply and demand regulated prices. Increased demand invariably increased the supply where an increased supply was possible to obtain. If the supply could not be increased, high prices must continue.

"What's the matter with the Pacific fishes, Oliver?" inquired Arnold. "Isn't there an inexhaustible supply of fish in the sea, or have they become too wise to get caught?"

"I don't know anything about this wholesale catching of fish, Arnold," returned Oliver. "If it's a question of a brook trout, I can tell you where to drop your fly when you want one or two, but catching sardines by the boat-load—that's a science that never appealed to me. Perhaps they get boat-shy and beat it when they sight a sail. Anyway, Parker's boats cruise about week in and week out, he says, without finding a school of fish."

"Perhaps there's a war on," suggested Malcolm Berryman, "and the California sardines are over taking a fall out of the Japanese goldfish. If they all mobilize across the Pacific for any length of time, Parker and the cannery will be out of luck."

"How do the fishing smacks locate schools of fish?" demanded Arnold. "Do the fish gather around for bait, or how do the boats get a line on their whereabouts?"

"Oh, they swim about in great schools

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near the surface," Mrs. Berryman interposed. "I remember when the Parker fleet used to bring in all it could carry after two days at sea. Sometimes they would run into a school of herring twenty miles long. They would drop their nets and scoop them up into the boats and sail home. They just search around until they find these big schools, then they signal to one another to come close together, and all they have to do is to scoop them in—and sell them for thirty cents a pound!" ended the indignant lady, a trace of resentment still lingering in her mind.

"And these fishing boats cruise around the Pacific Ocean until they run into a school like that!" exclaimed Arnold Adair, incredulously. "It must be like looking for a needle in a haystack! They can't see more than a hundred yards around them. What a stupid way of finding fish!" A thought suddenly struck him. But, with characteristic caution, he sat silently considering it while the others continued their conversation.

Parker had twenty small trawlers, it appeared, besides several power boats which acted as scouts for the heavier craft. Several men were employed on each boat, some to care for the nets, others to man the boats. And the fish cannery itself had worked several hundred men when the fishing season was at its height. At present, at the very time when people needed fish as a diet to supplant the more expensive meats and fowls, the cannery was running on part time because the trawlers could find no fish. And all the other canners along the coast were suffering from the same scarcity of material.

Arnold had witnessed the fisheries of the Columbia River in operation. Here huge water-wheels, constantly revolving by the current, caught in their meshes the salmon which sought to pass through the narrow trap beneath the wheel. As each compartment of the wheel reached the upper half of its circuit, the dripping fish fell into a slanting trough, which slid them rapidly into the bins of the cannery. Day and night a continuous stream of mighty salmon poured down the trough, to be dressed, cooked, and canned with almost automatic celerity. Thus had the ingenuity of the fresh-water fishing industry simplified the process of catching their food, reducing hugely the cost of the wholesome supply to the kitchens of the world. A wise Government policy had required each cannery to restock those waters with tenfold as many fish as were consumed each year.

Ocean fisheries could not operate their canneries by means of water-wheels. Arnold wondered how small cruising sailboats ever succeeded in finding loitering schools of fish. Lately power boats had come into service. Their swifter speed enabled them to make sorties out beyond the fleet of fishing boats, but even they must necessarily blunder full into an unsuspected school to find it. If salt-water fish could be secured as cheaply as the Columbia River salmon, they would sell as cheaply.

"Has Mr. Parker's cannery such a thing as a wireless?" inquired Arnold, suddenly. "Of course his fishing boats do not carry wireless."

"Rather not," laughed Oliver Berryman. "There is a Government station here and several small private stations, but nobody knows anything about wireless here except small boys and cranks. Why? Would you have the ocean liners send in a wireless message when they encounter a school of fish?"

"Yes. Why not?" answered Arnold, in all seriousness. "I suppose Parker and the others wouldn't mind paying pretty well for such information, would they? But really, I would like to talk to one of these small boys who has a wireless outfit in town. Can you find him for me to-morrow, Malcolm?"

"Yes," replied Malcolm, looking at Arnold wonderingly. He scented another flying stunt of some sort whenever Arnold proposed anything out of the common. "There's an ex-army pilot in town named Wilcox, who didn't get overseas, but he is a wizard at wireless. He makes his own apparatus."

The following morning Arnold and Malcolm, with Wilcox at their heels, called to have a talk with the head of the Parker Cannery Company. Arnold had imparted to his two friends the project he had in mind. He proposed to take Malcolm with him in his seaplane, the Comet, leaving young Wilcox behind at the cannery office, where he would run out a set of listening wires on the roof, connected with his instrument below stairs in the office of Mr. Parker. Arnold had an idea that schools of fish could be picked up from an airplane with as much ease as an airman spots a submarine below the surface. If this proved to be correct, there remained only the difficulty of directing the boats of the fishing fleet to the spot desired. His wireless sender was good for three hundred miles.

If his plan proved to be at all feasible, the airplane would certainly do a day's work in a small fraction of the time required of the power boats or trawlers. Not only could the aviator travel much faster than the fisherman on the sea, but he could see deeper into the water, and could cover a horizon wider beyond comparison.

Mr. Peter B. Parker, proprietor of the city market and part owner of the Cannery Company, was found on the company's docks in the bay. He was a salt-water man, rugged and grizzled of feature, a short stubby mustache of the color and tenacity of a tooth-brush covering the skin of his upper lip. He eyed the aviators steadily as Arnold unfolded his plan, turning from one to the other an appraising glance that sought to discover the motive back of this extraordinary idea. "What will it cost?" he demanded, shortly, when Arnold had finished. "And what do you want me to do if your flyin' contraption comes down in the ocean?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Parker," replied Arnold. "This is just a little experiment of our own. If it works, you will get the benefit of it—you and the other canners of fish food in the vicinity. All we want you to do is to permit Lieutenant Wilcox here to put up his wireless rigging on the cannery roof—or down here on the dock, if you prefer. If we find any fish, we want to send word to you from the spot, so that your boats can find them."

The old fisherman smiled somewhat skeptically as he looked across the bay. Obviously he did not care to become responsible for the drowning of two harebrained aviators who desired to sacrifice themselves in an expedition so foolish and so reckless. In his opinion, it was bad enough to fly at all, let alone going out to sea. A man would have all he could do to keep his machine balanced, let alone looking around for any fish!

Malcolm Berryman finally persuaded the old man that Arnold's seaplane could ride the waves as safely as could one of his old fishing smacks. Whether he consented to take advantage of their expedition or not, they would make the flight just the same. And finally it was concluded, to their mutual approval, that Wilcox should rig his wireless antennæ from the mast of one of the largest trawlers in the harbor, and should accompany the fleet out to sea as soon as the airplane was ready to start. This arrangement would permit even quicker intelligence to be transmitted to the fleet than if Wilcox and the boats waited within the harbor.

By noon the boats would be ready to get under way. They had just returned from a fruitless cruise lasting six days. The men were discouraged, the canners were alarmed, and the price of herring and mackerel had gone up several notches more. Only a few scattered schools had been encountered during the whole cruise. And it was considered the best time of the year for trawler fishing.

"They're out there somewhere," insisted Parker, chewing a match meditatively as he gazed out to sea. "Some years it's like this fer months at a time. They gather in big schools and stick together, sometimes miles and miles long. One day, I remember, the Katonomah steamed through a school of herring fer three hours, lyin' right under the surface. When she reached port and told us about it, I found our boats had been within ten miles of the big swarm, and never knew it."

Arnold nodded his head appreciatively. Ten miles of ocean surface could be searched in five minutes on board the Comet.

As Arnold and Malcolm motored through the city on their way home, leaving Wilcox in the care of the unemotional Mr. Parker, Malcolm questioned his friend interestedly on the subject of his plans. Malcolm had never experienced the thrills and tediousness of submarine patrols during the war. He knew that Arnold had been through this anxious schooling before he had joined the

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squadron at the front, and that Arnold had bombed and sunk one of the enemy submarines off the coast of Havre. But Malcolm had flown over the harbor and bay of San Diego frequently, and had repeatedly seen the sand and bottom growth of vegetation under fifty or sixty feet of the clear sea water. Schools of fish near enough to the surface to be caught in trawler nets, Arnold pointed out to his companion, must certainly mark their presence with far more conspicuous indications than would be the case with a German U-boat.

"And when I think of the flimsy old and machines that we used in those coast patrols at the beginning of the war," concluded Arnold, "and compare them with a stanch seaplane like the Comet, which could ride out a gale without suffering much damage, why, I had to smile in Mr. Parker's face at his horror of this afternoon's expedition."

"He's a fair sample of the public, Arnold, when it comes to their knowledge of airplanes. I hope we spot something for the old fellow this afternoon, just to satisfy him that an airplane can do it."

Promptly at two o'clock the two pilots left the Berryman field in the Comet, Arnold at the controls and Malcolm again trying his hand at the Morse code on the wireless sounder. Setting the receiving apparatus in order and tuning up his receiver, Malcolm caught distant messages from unknown senders from sea and from shore. As they neared the city and the Comet shot smoothly ahead Arnold pointed down to the fleet of tiny boats standing out to sea a few miles outside the harbor. Parker had been prompt in getting his men away.

Pointing down the Comet's nose, Arnold dove straight at the flagship of the little fleet, aboard which Wilcox, their new comrade, was the most important member of the crew. Flattening out a dozen yards about the mast top, Arnold and Malcolm waved to the awestruck fishermen, who were standing gazing up into the sky. With a comparative speed that seemed terrific, the airplane left the plunging boats wallowing in her wake. Arnold looked over the side and stared into the water. Here the deep-blue surface, unbroken even by white-caps, indicated great depth of water. He determined to ascend to five hundred feet, where his horizon would be extended and his ability to penetrate the ocean depths greatly assisted. In five minutes the Comet was lost to sight by the fleet, yet the boats were plainly visible to both Arnold and Malcolm.

Describing a grand circle to the north and west, watching with war-trained eyes the surface of the waters on both sides of the machine, Arnold descried one after another dark and irregular-shaped mass under the surface which closer scrutiny disclosed to be swimming fish. Malcolm excitedly pointed them out, rapping out calls to Wilcox, advising him to head his fishing boats farther to the north. Neither of the aviators knew enough about the nature of the various species of fish in these waters to identify one small school from another. They might be sardines or mackerel, bluefish or trout, so far as Arnold knew. But of one certainty he was exultantly proud—an airplane could find fish where surface boats had failed. Almost before his cruise had begun a dozen separate schools had been sighted. They were not yet twenty miles from shore.

Long before the sluggish fishing craft had reached the spot where loitered these first small schools the Comet had made two hundred miles of patrol. Quite fifty miles from the California shore, the mountains of which were still faintly discerned, Arnold suddenly discovered a long black line beneath them that seemed to extend with ragged edges a hundred miles to sea. He had accustomed his eyes to reading the surface by now, and had risen to two thousand feet to gain a still more advantageous altitude for distant searches. As far as his eye could reach the black line, now thin, now wide, extended. So near the surface played these fish that occasional flecks of spray from their tails spattered the surface.

Considerably dumfounded by this extraordinary spectacle, Arnold rode along the center of the huge school, the upper shelves of fish constantly forced up above the surface of the water by the pressure of the mass below. Millions and millions of small fish were lying almost dormant, sunning themselves like lazy cattle on a hillside. Measuring the extent of the brown mass beneath them, Arnold turned to Malcolm with astonishment in his eyes.

"Herring fish!" shouted Malcolm. "No wonder there are few fish near shore! All the herring in the ocean must be here on a convention! I'll get father to write the Department of Fisheries about this. The Government ought to use airplanes all along this coast for fishing." A good thirty miles separated the enormous school from the fishing boats toward shore. Both aviators regarded the situation as too important to trust to wireless calls. Arnold turned the Comet about. Fifteen minutes later she rode the waves alongside the flagship, aboard which Wilcox and Mr. Parker stood at the rail watching.

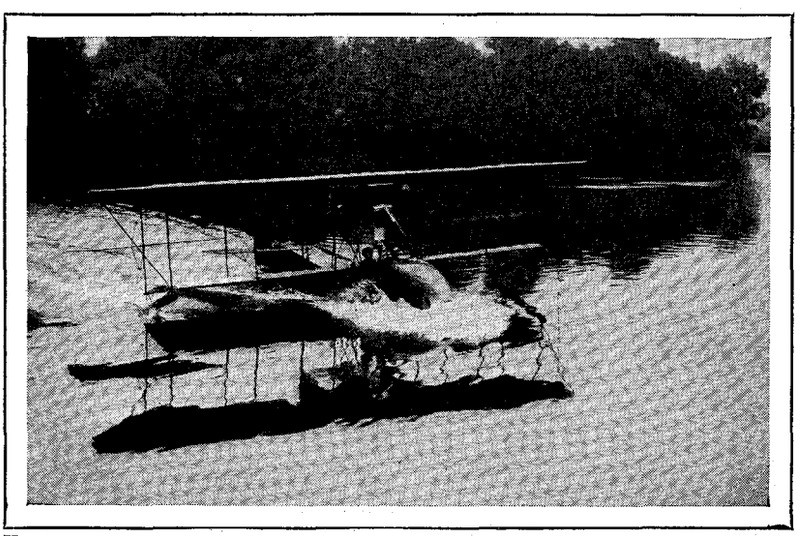
After a short consultation with Arnold, Malcolm boarded the boat and described what they had seen to the excited fishermen. With little persuasion Peter B. Parker was induced to take Malcolm's place in the Comet, signaling the boats of the fleet to follow the Comet to seaward.

And thus was accomplished the greatest haul of herring that ever had been known along this coast. The sleepy voice of Mr. Parker came over the telephone next morning while the two airmen were still at their breakfast. He had been up all night at the work, his boats had returned awash under their load, and still he was not satisfied.

"How much will it cost, Mr. Adair, if you two boys go out there again after we get unloaded and locate them fish?" Parker demanded. "They was scattering considerable before morning."

"Sorry, Mr. Parker," replied Arnold, "but I am taking the Government Fisheries man out there this morning. You can get Wilcox to go, however. He has his own machine, and wants a job."

"He's hired!" called back Mr. Peter B. Parker. "Good-by!"



Keystone

"THE GOVERNMENT OUGHT TO USE AIRPLANES ALL ALONG THIS COAST FOR FISHING"

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE POETS OF OXFORD

"A NEST OF SINGING BIRDS"

BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS

The author of the following article is a young English writer who has just been graduated from Oxford University, where he occupied the position of President of the Union.—The Editors.

IT was said in the time of Elizabeth, so numerous and so sweet-throated were her poets that England was "a nest of singing birds." Perhaps it may seem out of place to apply such a metaphor to the England of to-day, but at least we may justly apply it to one small corner of England—Oxford. For here is gathered together a coterie of men whose names are famous throughout the English-speaking world—John Masefield, the poet of the people; William Butler Yeats, the singer of Irish melodies; Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate and one of the few classical poets who still write; to say nothing of prose writers such as John Galsworthy, Gilbert Murray, and Sir Walter Raleigh, and younger poets such as Robert Nichols and Robert Graves.

What is it that has brought all these great men to Oxford? The beauty of the country itself? The proximity of the University with all the innumerable associations which it must have for an imaginative mind? Probably both these reasons have played their part. For Oxford, with its gray buildings, its broad irregular streets, its chiming bells, is one of the most lovely cities in Europe. And the country that surrounds the city is, in its way, as beautiful as anything you will find in England. In a few weeks the larches will be green over the Cherwell, the birds will be singing in Chorley Wood, and wild hyacinths will be painting the meadows of Boar's Hill with riotous splashes of blue.

It is pleasant to think that in the midst of all this beauty there are living so many men for whom beauty is life. I would mention first John Masefield, because he is probably best known to American readers, not only through his books but through the lectures which at various times he has delivered throughout the greater part of the United States. He lives in a little red house on Boar's Hill, the beautiful place of woods and meadows that rises some four miles out of Oxford, and looks down, over the fields, on to the gray towers and domes of the city. It is there, I believe, that most of his poetry has been written. I have called him the poet of the people, because that seemed to be particularly his *métier* when he first sprang into fame with "The Everlasting Mercy." He sang, in the words of the man in the street (and some of his adjectives made the more genteel critics shudder), of the triumph of the soul of man over the filthiness and squalor of an English slum. But he is not tied down to one mode of expression. He can swear as

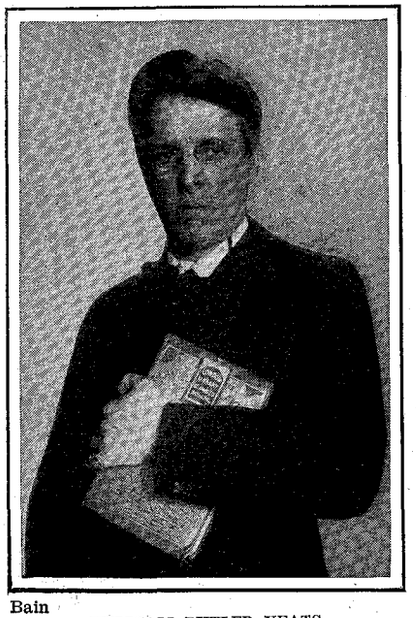
Bain

JOHN MASEFIELD

bluffly as an English navvy, but he can sing as sweetly as an English thrush. He has written of the sea in lines which are salt with spray. And more than any poet since Chaucer he has caught the magic of an English spring:

> And the blackbird builds below the catkin shaking,
> And the sweet white violets are beauty in the blood,
> And daffodils are there and the blackthorn blossom breaking
> Is a wild white beauty in bud.

I think John Masefield has the most beautiful face of any living man I have



Bain

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

ever seen. He has not, it is true, the poetic languor of Mr. Yeats, nor the leonine magnificence of the Poet Laureate. He does not wear eccentric clothes, and his tall, spare figure might well pass unnoticed in a crowd. But look at him closely, at his great startled eyes, at his sensitive mouth, at the delicate lines on his forehead, and you will understand what I mean. There are lines on his face more beautiful than any lines he has written, and that is saying a great deal. His face has an expression of infinite tenderness, infinite humility.

It is this quality of humility which is, I think, the most striking quality about the man. I remember a year ago, when I was an undergraduate at Balliol College, that I asked Mr. Masefield to come down to read us some of his poetry and to talk to us about it. Like the sportsman that he is, he came, in spite of the fact that he had to bicycle several miles from his house on a snowy evening. He read us the last act of his exquisite "Tragedy of Nan," some of the sonnets and part of "The Everlasting Mercy," finishing up with the lines:

> O lovely lily clean,
> O lily springing green,
> O lily bursting white,
> Dear lily of delight
> Spring in my heart agen
> That I may flower to men.

Afterwards, when the tension was relaxed, we all mingled together in the little room and discussed what we had just heard. But Masefield—what did he do? Some men in his position would have pontified, they would have stood in the middle of the room and made the most of the fact that they happened to be the lion of the evening. He did nothing of the sort. He remained in the corner and said not a word. We all talked loudly enough, and indeed were not backward in giving our opinions on poetry and literature in general. But Masefield just sat shyly in a corner and said not a word, as though his views on the subject were not worth having.

Of a very different type is the Irishman William Butler Yeats. I do not mean to say that he is a man who pushes himself forward, but there is something about him that commands attention. He is very tall, and to-day somewhat inclined to be stout. His long gray hair is brushed carefully back from his forehead, and his pale face has usually an air of abstraction and aloofness which does not encourage the passer-by to ask him the time. He lives in a house in Broad Street, opposite Balliol College—a long, immensely wide street flanked on either side by tall gray colleges. You may see him any afternoon, walking slowly down the road, slightly stooping, and usually alone. He carries his hands behind his back and on his head, which he holds either very low or very high, he wears a black gray slouch hat.

I do not think Mr. Yeats has ev

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mingled much in the life of the University—not, at any rate, in the same way that Mr. Masefield has done. It is typical of Masefield that when I became editor of a University paper, "The Oxford Outlook," he at once sent me two sonnets for publication—"On Growing Old"—sonnets which any editor of any paper in the world would have been proud to print. He is passionately devoted to all that is young and irresponsible; he will talk informally to a gathering of undergraduates in a college room, he will speak at a big political meeting, he will stage-manage a university play. I can hardly imagine Mr. Yeats doing this. He is far less of a man of action. He is essentially a dreamer, and seems somehow to have drifted out of life. During the war he hardly opened his lips, either in pity or in praise. He lives in the past. And it is not an English past; it is an Irish past. He is always dreaming of Innesfree.

He is an Irishman, and in the present tragic condition of his country we may well find a reason for his sadness.

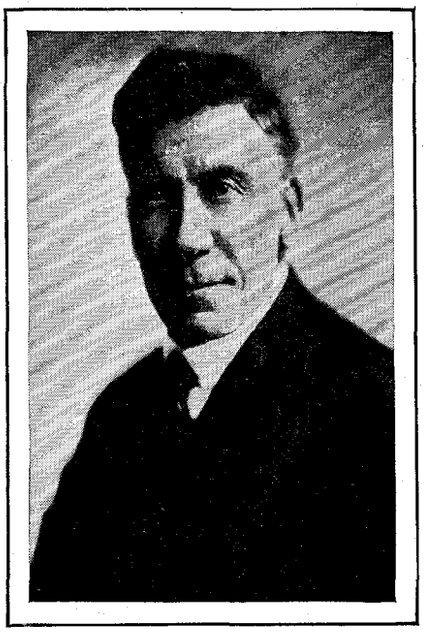
. . . . . .

One does not often see the Poet Laureate, Mr. Robert Bridges, in Oxford, but, once seen, he is never forgotten. I think that for sheer magnificence, apart from any other quality, he is the most striking figure I have met. Very tall, in spite of his years, he carries himself proudly erect. His great head, with its clustering white hair, is rather like that of the late George Meredith, but it is more rugged and more imposing. When he is in Oxford, it is usually on a visit to a bookseller, and he may be seen threading his way through the busy streets, clothed in rough tweeds and knickerbockers, with a satchel on his back.

He too lives on Boar's Hill, and has a house near that of Masefield. But he is near him in nothing else. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to estimate the exact position of Mr. Bridges in contemporary English poetry. Mr. Horatio Bottomley, that unique and irresponsible figure in English journalism and politics, has frequently complained that the Poet Laureate is not worthy of his position, that he does not produce the proper poems on the proper occasions. In the eyes of Mr. Bottomley, a Poet Laureate should be able to produce a rhyme for every national glory or universal event of importance. However, his criticism does not seem to have had much effect. Mr. Bridges informed him, quite calmly, that "he did not care a damn"—and there the matter ended.

That is very typical of the poet himself. He does not care a damn. And perhaps that is in some way the reason why he has never been, in any sense of the word, a "popular" poet. He has none of the wide appeal of a man like Masefield. But, whatever his critics may say, they cannot deny that he is a poet. It is true that he has written a great deal that will never be read in twenty years, but some of his lyrics will live as long as the English language is spoken.

I have neither time nor space to dwell on the younger poets, such as Mr. Robert Nichols, the finest of our soldier-poets, who made such a triumphant tour of the United States two years ago. But you may meet them any day in the old book shops of Oxford or toiling up the open hills outside the city, with, one hopes, a song on their lips. And we, who were



Bain

ROBERT BRIDGES

born and bred in this city, may be justly proud that it is here that they have chosen to live and to sing their songs. For, in the words of one who himself was expelled from Oxford a hundred years ago:[1] "Poets are the trumpets that sing to battle, poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

THE NEW BOOKS

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

PARIS IN SHADOW. By Lee Holt. The John Lane Company, New York.

Lovers of Paris—and who is not one?—should be deeply interested in this diary of an American who has lived in France most of his life. The diary describes the days of 1916 and 1917. Many of the events described seem trifling at this distance, but they are not trifling if the reader would gain an idea of how Parisians looked and acted during the war.

SAILING SOUTH. By Philip Sanford Marden. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

A very agreeable and amusing account of personal experiences in the West Indies and Panama. The book will lure many readers to try a similar travel trip instead of going to Europe for a change of scene.

BIOGRAPHY

CROWDING MEMORIES. By Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Books of reminiscence written by women who, like Mrs. Aldrich or Mrs. Asquith, have been in intimate association with men and women of note are always welcome. Mrs. Aldrich's will inevitably be considered alongside Mrs. Asquith's recent reminiscences. Of the two just published works, Mrs. Aldrich's is the more restful and appealing, not so much because it is by an American and is for the most part about Americans, as because it is not so self-conscious; it does not betray a constant desire to appear brilliant. Mrs. Aldrich tells us about Edwin Booth, Longfellow, Dickens, Browning, Sir Henry Irving, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Madame Blanc, Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, the Duke of Argyll, Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, and others, but chiefly about her husband. Though those of us who knew him may not get any very strikingly new information as to his character and work, our impressions are definitely deepened by a perusal of these pages. But the great charm of this volume lies in its incidental revelation of the character of its compiler—a revelation so frank, naïve, and yet shy as to be in winsome contrast to Mrs. Asquith's amazing self-advertising.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

NEW MIND FOR THE NEW AGE (A). By Henry Churchill King, D.D., LL.D. The Cole Lectures for 1920. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

To one accustomed to look with eager anticipation for anything from President King's pen this book comes as a disappointment. It contains, of course, some wise counsels and inspiring ideals. But it shows marks of haste in preparation and gives us too many quotations and too little of the author's own thoughts, a fault which is sometimes akin to virtue, but not in Dr. King.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

PILGRIM PAPERS. From the Writings of Francis Thomas Wilfrid, Priest. By Robert Keable. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

VERENA IN THE MIDST. By E. V. Lucas. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY (A): THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS. By Ernest De Witt Burton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY (A): THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN. By R. H. Charles, D.Litt, D.D. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

PSYCHOLOGY OF ADOLESCENCE (THE). By Frederick Tracy, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

RECREATIONS OF A PSYCHOLOGIST. By G. Stanley Hall. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

GREAT GAME OF BUSINESS (The). By J. George Frederick. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

HELPING MEN OWN FARMS. Professor Elwood Mead. The Macmillan Company, New York.

HISTORY OF THE ART OF WRITING (A). By William A. Mason. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

NEW STONE AGE IN NORTHERN EUROPE (THE). By John M. Tyler. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[1] Shelley.

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THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

SUPPOSE WELLS IS ALL WRONG

LIVING in Washington, I of course read very little; yet am I continually appealed to as one who knows about books—perhaps because I am occasionally seen going into the Library of Congress to look at Pennell's lithographs, or because it is known that I play dominoes here in the Press Club. Be that as it may, I am considered an authority, and therefore—these things follow—one who can judge between histories, one who recognizes the good in Mommsen and appreciates the wit of Lytton Strachey; so that just now the question is almost always: Have you read Wells's "Outline"?

I know the answer, quite naturally—who doesn't? No, have you? For in this half-civilized world one does not read Wells as one reads Bennett or Cabell or Poe. You take him or leave him, yet he affects you just the same—like going without salt. He is a tonic; and the History is to be taken (and put down) before and after meals. A small dose will make conversation for a day. Some read the announcements as the volumes appeared in parts last fall and are still talking about them. He is to be studied before retiring.

But is he always right? Right about God and love and war and the Neanderthal man? Right about Cæsar's bald head and Napoleon's spleen and the barbarous Greeks? About Homer and Gladstone and the tactics of Foch? And what if he isn't? Suppose he's all wrong. Does it make any difference? There is no truth, so I hear, in Hans Andersen, yet who is not better for believing in fairies? And because men admire the good—was there any?—in the Great Alexander we have had thousands and thousands of years of marching and counter-marching through terrorized towns, down valleys, across rivers and plains, by restless and brutal, ravaging armies. Men mimic the deeds of the dead, taking patterns, imposing again and again the same tricks that once impressed schoolboys—alone? No, for we seldom grow up; we trust in the things we accepted as settled when young. So the Kaiser, the priest, the fakir in religion and law, assuming a certain attitude, waving a moist hand, gets away. But Wells questions their divine right to this and that, their divinity, their worth. And he does it very well. A slavish adherence to precedent—the trick of lawyers—a faith in the good old days, is the root of a deal of evil; it makes for settled conditions, which make for sloth and self-satisfaction. Rome fell as much because she had conquered the world, attaining a seeming grandeur, as because of enemies without. I have not, among friends, read the "Outline," yet I agree with Mr. Wells absolutely. I was never one to gape before the gargantuan G. K. C., swallowing every word. I like a change

> New theories are subsequent to new experiences
>
> *WOODROW WILSON*

—even though it only be a changing past. Don't you? GEORGE GORDON.
Washington, D. C.

A CLEAN HEART

TEN years ago, at the age of twenty-one, I left a log camp to enter high school after an absence from school of more than eight years. I have had little schooling; but for ten years I have been an extensive and intensive reader of serious books and magazines. During almost the entire time I have been a careful and devoted reader of The Outlook. It has meant to me more than any other periodical I could find, and I have read at one time or another all the magazines of importance published in the United States. How much it has meant may be inferred from these two facts: that my only child, a boy of five, answers to the name of Lyman; and that for a number of years I have sent along with the renewal of my subscription the name of a new subscriber from among the brightest young men of my acquaintance. I offer this explanation as a preface to the remarks that follow.

When The Outlook offered prizes recently for the best constructive criticism, I was deeply interested. I had an impulse to enter the contest, for I had a suggestion that would benefit The Outlook more than any other possibly could. It is that as a preparation for their day's work the editors enter into their closets each morning, lock the doors, and there repeat with patient iteration this prayer of the Psalmist: "Create in me a clean heart, O God: and *renew a right spirit within me.*" But I did not compete for your prize. I knew my criticism would be merely resented as impertinent, for, to quote the much-libeled Irishman, The Outlook is spiritually dead and doesn't know it.

This charge, I am aware, is a very general one—merely a stupendous total; but let me itemize the account.

You have argued, and argued quite conclusively, that the only hope of effective government in America is an able, courageous executive leadership. During the last eight years America has had a great leader. In gentleness, foresight, patience, and steadfastness he was the equal of Lincoln. In liberalism, courage, and decisiveness the equal of Roosevelt. In resourcefulness he is without an equal in our history. But to you the patience of Lincoln was in him cowardice; the courage of Roosevelt, tyranny; and his resourcefulness, mere effrontery. Although he held nearly all things in common with you except the habit of being Republican, you chose to regard him as an opponent; and in order to discredit and checkmate that "opponent" advocated the election to the Presidency of a Senatorial dummy, who has neither the purpose, nor the intellectual endowments, nor the moral driving power, to be a great leader.

You have always professed to be economic liberals. The achievements in constructive liberalism of the late Administration are without a parallel in our history. Yet, in order to "checkmate an opponent" you have elected to become the yoke-fellows and the flaming evangels of the most reactionary and sinister group in our politics.

Moreover, you have always been advocates of peace; of peace based on law and justice, and maintained by the only force that is capable of maintaining it—the organized power of all the law-abiding, justice-loving nations. Yet, rather than forego an opportunity to "checkmate an opponent" in the matter of the League of Nations, you stood by and held the garments of those who stoned to death the prophet and the world's best hope of peace, and attempted a philosophical and moral justification (even glorification) of the most selfish, contemptible, and calamitous piece of sculduggery that has ever disgraced American politics.

You have often repeated a certain great man's quotation of a certain dervish, who said that to feel indignation against a wrong-doing and do nothing to oppose that wrong-doing produces moral degeneracy. In view of that principle, as well as in protest against your disloyalty to your own principles, I hereby notify you of the withdrawal of my fellowship from you. My subscription expires April 1, and will not be renewed.

Trusting that there is left no ground of misunderstanding between us, I am at least, Sincerely yours,

RAS PRIEST.

[This letter was not received in time to compete in the prize contest for suggestions regarding improvement of The Outlook. If it had been, we should have been tempted to award it a special prize for faithfulness on the ground that faithful are the wounds of a friend. While we are repeating in the closet the prayer of the Psalmist which our friend recommends to us, and which we humbly admit we need to repeat, we wonder if he does not need to avoid the danger of repeating another Scriptural prayer—that recorded in the eleventh verse of the eighteenth chapter of St. Luke?—THE EDITORS.]

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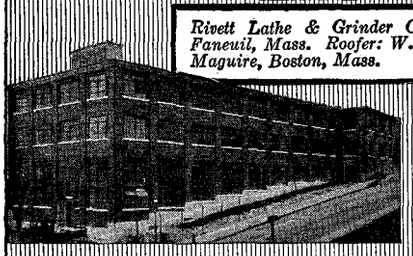
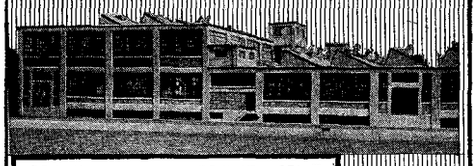


Rivett Lathe & Grinder Co., Faneuil, Mass. Roofer: W. J. Maguire, Boston, Mass.



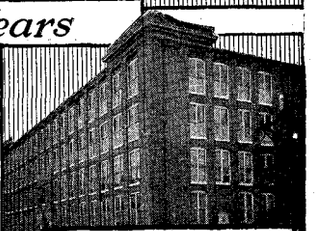
Millville Mfg. Co., Millville, N. J. Roofer: Warren Ehret Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Pratt Drop Forge & Tool Co., Shelburne Falls, Mass. R'fr: Friedrich Co., Holyoke, Mass.

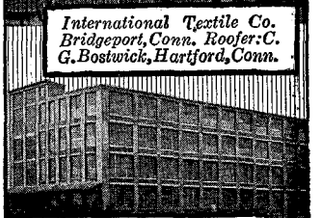
C. Cowles & Co., New Haven, Conn. Roofer: Jas. E. Kelly & Sons, New Haven, Conn.

Fore River Shipbuilding Corp., Quincy, Mass. Roofer: Warren Bros., Boston, Mass.

Goodell Pratt Co., Greenfield, Mass. Roofer: E. H. Friedrich Co., Holyoke, Mass.

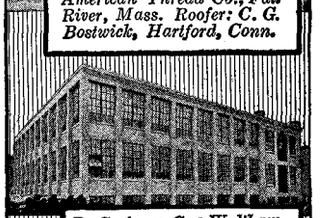


International Textile Co. Bridgeport, Conn. Roofer: C. G. Bostwick, Hartford, Conn.

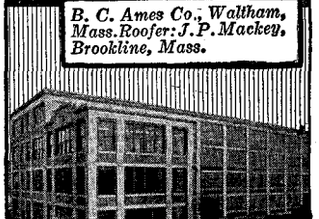


International Textile Co., Bridgeport, Conn. Roofer: C. G. Bostwick, Hartford, Conn.

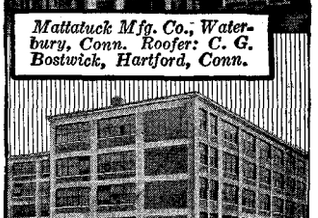
American Thread Co., Fall River, Mass. Roofer: C. G. Bostwick, Hartford, Conn.



B. C. Ames Co., Waltham, Mass. Roofer: J. P. Mackey, Brookline, Mass.



Mattatuck Mfg. Co., Waterbury, Conn. Roofer: C. G. Bostwick, Hartford, Conn.



Waterbury Mfg. Co., Waterbury, Conn. Roofer: J. K. Smith, Waterbury, Conn.

Torrington Mfg. Co., Torrington, Conn. Roofer: C. G. Bostwick, Hartford, Conn.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The Philippines: Should They be Independent?

WHEN the Philippine Islands came under the control of the United States, were the Filipinos promised independence at some future time? If not, has any official promise been made to them concerning their independence since 1898?

Does recent history show that the United States withdrew from Cuba prematurely? Do you think the Filipinos are any better prepared for complete independence than the Cubans?

Should the Filipinos have a common language and common customs before independence is granted them?

The American Merchant Marine Law of 1920, to go into effect probably February 1, 1922, carries with it a clause providing for the extension of the coastwise laws of the United States to the Philippine Islands. There are leading Filipinos who believe that this indicates that the United States Government is not contemplating their independence. Can you see why they should think so? If you were a Filipino, what objections to this extension of the coastwise laws might you raise?

If the United States should grant independence to the Philippine Islands at the present time, what results do you think would follow? What facts have you to back up your statements?

Different phases of the Philippine issue are considered in the March and April, 1921, numbers of the magazine entitled "Current History," and the Merchant Marine Law of 1920 is adversely criticised by an alert and highly intelligent young Filipino in the "Century Magazine" for December, 1920.

A first-class book on the Philippines is that by D. C. Worcester entitled "The Philippines Past and Present" (Macmillan).

René Viviani

It is evident that the French people in France are under the impression that America has undergone a change of attitude toward France since the close of the World War. If you were a Frenchman living in France, what might lead you to the same conclusion?

If you were talking with René Viviani, what things would you mention that would tend to prove to him that America remains unchanged in her loyalty to France?

Of what value do you consider the visit to America of such a man as René Viviani?

Does it seem to you that M. Viviani speaks correctly when he says that "the world cannot be in a condition of equilibrium while there is a wrecked France"? What are your reasons?

Do you think our Senate should ratify the French-British-American agreement arranged while President Wilson was in Europe?

The Labor Crisis in Great Britain

For what reasons is the present labor situation in Great Britain considered a crisis?

Do you justify or condemn the British miners for striking? Would it be right for a national law to be made prohibiting strikes in essential industries?

What would it mean to nationalize industry? Do you believe in nationalizing industries?

Would the nationalization of industries solve labor disputes in them and do away with strikes?

Could or could not nationalized industries be kept out of politics? What is your explanation?

The Trial of the Single Tax in China

This topic is a good one to serve as a basis of a study in the fundamentals of taxation.

Whence the name single tax?

Some economic reformers believe that the single tax universally adopted would solve our taxation problem and bring in sufficient money to pay all public expenses. What is their argument?

What reasons have you for believing or not believing their argument to be sound?

If the single tax were generally adopted, would all but those who own land be entirely free from taxation?

How are tax rates in your community determined? How are the taxes collected?

Who bears the burden of a tax on buildings? On land? Who bears the burden of a revenue tariff? An inheritance tax? An income tax?

What is a just tax? Do you know of any taxes that are not just? If so, why do you consider them unjust?

What is the benefit theory of taxation? The ability theory? Which, in your opinion, is the more acceptable?

Why are taxes less in number and lower in China than in the United States? Are low taxes best for a country?

What comparisons can you make between taxes in China and in the United States?

Have the foreign Powers a right to permit China to charge only a five per cent duty on imports?

Two well-worth-while books on China are those entitled "The Development of China," by K. S. Latourette (Houghton Mifflin), and "China; Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," by E. H. Parker (Dutton).

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

TRAVERS D. CARMAN was General Wood's aide during his recent campaign for nomination for the Presidency. Mr. Carman was associated with Theodore Roosevelt in a similar capacity during the Roosevelt Presidential campaign of 1912. Mr. Carman has been on the staff of The Outlook since his graduation from Princeton; he is Advertising Director.

LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS has contributed frequently to The Outlook on subjects of aviation.

EDITH LACY was born in Virginia of Northern parents; she is now living in New York. Her father was an officer in the United States Army. She was educated abroad and does magazine, newspaper, and editorial research work.

W. T. COE is president and treasurer of the Kensington flour mills of Kensington, Minnesota.

FLORENCE J. MILLER lived among the natives of the Philippines for about nine years. Her knowledge of the native dialects and her ability to observe accurately afforded her exceptional opportunities to know these peoples and to write about them with authority. Her husband was Captain Miller, of the United States Regulars, who was Governor of the Province of Palawan for about ten years, and who lost his life in the Philippines about ten years ago. Mrs. Miller is now with the Civil Service Commission in Washington.

WILLIAM C. GREGG has contributed various correspondence from Europe to recent issues of The Outlook. He is President of a company in Hackensack, New Jersey, manufacturing car and railway equipment.

CELIA CATHCART HOLTON (Mrs. C. A. Holton) lives in London, Ohio.

ELSIE MCCORMICK'S contribution comes from Canton, China. She recently left China for a visit to Alameda, California.

A. DALE RILEY was for years assistant superintendent of the Moro Agricultural School at Indanangs, on the island of Jolo, Philippines. He was one of the only two white men who have lived unarmed among the Moros on the island. He recently left the Philippines for his home in Ohio, via India.

HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR., has contributed frequently to The Outlook. His volume entitled "The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt" has won and deserved widespread attention. He was one of the founders of the Vigilantes. He was once an instructor of English at Harvard. He is the author of numerous plays, books of verse, and novels.

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Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine

Western Hemlock
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine

TAKING THE GUESSWORK OUT OF THE SELECTION OF LUMBER

IN the early days, the use of soft wood in this country was largely confined to one or two species. They happened to be good all-purpose woods.

Toward the close of the last century a number of new woods, which had up to that time been used only locally, came into the general market.

These woods are of many kinds, with numerous grades of each kind.

As these new woods came along they were used everywhere that the older known species had been used. For some purposes the new woods proved the equal of the old; for certain very important purposes, superior; where they failed, it was because they were used in the wrong service.

Out of the experience of the last twenty years there has accumulated a scientific knowledge of the fitness of the different woods for particular uses that can be helpful to every user of wood.

Today we know how much weight various kinds of timber will bear; what woods will last longest when exposed to the weather and in contact with the soil or moisture; how preservative treatment affects the life of woods; which woods have a tendency to warp and which "stay put."

We know the relative merits of the different woods as railway ties, as flooring material, as pipe staves, as tanks, in car construction, and so on through all the varied uses to which wood can be put.

The selection of wood has ceased to depend on guesswork. Experience, observation, research and experiment have placed it on a scientific basis.

What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public, any desired information as to the qualities of the different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether we handle it or not.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on our product.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices and representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States.

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Are Good As Gold

BETTER THAN GOLD since they are never questioned, never discounted and *safe* because they are worthless without your countersignature of identification.

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WHEREVER YOU GO—before you go—change your money. Insure it against loss. And above all give it the magical value guaranteed by this service—sky blue in color, true blue in sentiment.

FOR TRAVELERS in Great Britain or France, 5 and 10 £ Sterling and French 200 and 400 Franc Cheques are best. They are proof against fluctuating exchange, and unscrupulous money dealers. In the United States and Canada the Dollar Cheques. Buy them at Express Offices or your own Bank.

AND FOR ALL JOURNEYS you can secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries, or plan your cruise or tour, through the American Express Travel Department.

American Express Company

65 Broadway, New York City

A CORRECTION

I WAS glad to receive Ten Eyck's a ticle on "Uncle Sam's Tin Halo" an highly appreciate all that he said therei with the exception of the misstatemen contained on page 726, that there was period of one year nine months an twenty-eight days between my receipt c credentials from President Wilson an the time when I took over the post a Buenos Aires.

President Wilson did not appoint m until August, 1914, and I was uncon firmed by the Senate until Septembe 30, in the same year. I was then i England, but proceeded at once to Was ington, where I received my appoint ment from the President on October 1 although it is dated October 1, 191 Owing to the war, it was almost impos sible to get a ship to Buenos Aires. Th only English liner having been sunk b a German warship, I had to wait som weeks. I then proceeded by a slo Brazilian boat to Rio de Janeiro; fro thence I made my way on a Frenc steamer here. But I arrived here o January 1, 1915, and presented mysel at the Foreign Office, so that, instead o there being one year nine months an twenty-eight days between my appoint ment and my arrival at my post, ther was only one month and sixteen days.

As you probably know, the ordinar time for a voyage from New York her is from three to four weeks, and th steamers did not go oftener than onc in two months. F. J. STIMSON.

Buenos Aires, January 15, 1921.

THE PACKER AND THE LITTLE BUTCHER

THE OUTLOOK of March 16 prints a let ter under the heading "The Mea Bill and the Little Butcher." This let ter questions an article by Sherma Rogers entitled "The Nation's Meat Bill," and says that "'the little butcher' mad the pork into bacon for fifteen cents pe pound, and to-day the packers charg three times as much for making eight cent pork into bacon." This letter also charges that the packers have used illegitimate methods in building up their business and that they are "abus ing the control which they enjoy."

We have looked up some of Swift & Company's old price lists and we find that, while during the panic of 1907–08 live hogs got down to 4¾ cents in Chi cago, our standard brand of bacon, in ten to twelve pound pieces, sold whole sale at that time at 12¼ cents a pound or 2.6 times the price of live hogs. To day the price of hogs in Chicago is 10½ cents and the same brand and weight of bacon is selling wholesale for 22½ cents a pound, or only 2.1 times the price of live hogs. In other words, the price of this standard brand of bacon is lower at wholesale as compared with the price of live hogs to-day than it was thirteen years ago.

The very choice bacon of course sells for more than 22½ cents a pound to-day In fact, the wholesale price of Premium bacon is from 36 to 44 cents, depending on weight and thickness, the lighter and

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thinner averages being from lighter and higher-priced hogs. But this does not represent any wasteful method of production or any abuse of power. In the first place, the public itself has come to differentiate in the past twenty years, so that the very choicest products bring more, as compared with the price of live hogs, while the less desirable products bring less in proportion. In other words, the spread between the prices of the choicest products is greater to-day than it used to be years ago. The net result of operations, so far as profit is concerned, has not changed appreciably, except that it has been running lower than normal for the past year or two. This profit averages only a fraction of a cent per pound of all pork products.

Another factor to be taken into consideration is the great increase in packing-house costs that has taken place during the past few years. This tends to widen the spread between live animal prices and dressed meat prices. This is especially important in the case of such a product as Premium bacon, because here is additional expense attached to the proper curing and smoking of this product. The meat also has to be carefully selected and properly trimmed. Only four per cent of the total weight of all hogs we buy is ever marketed in the form of Premium bacon.

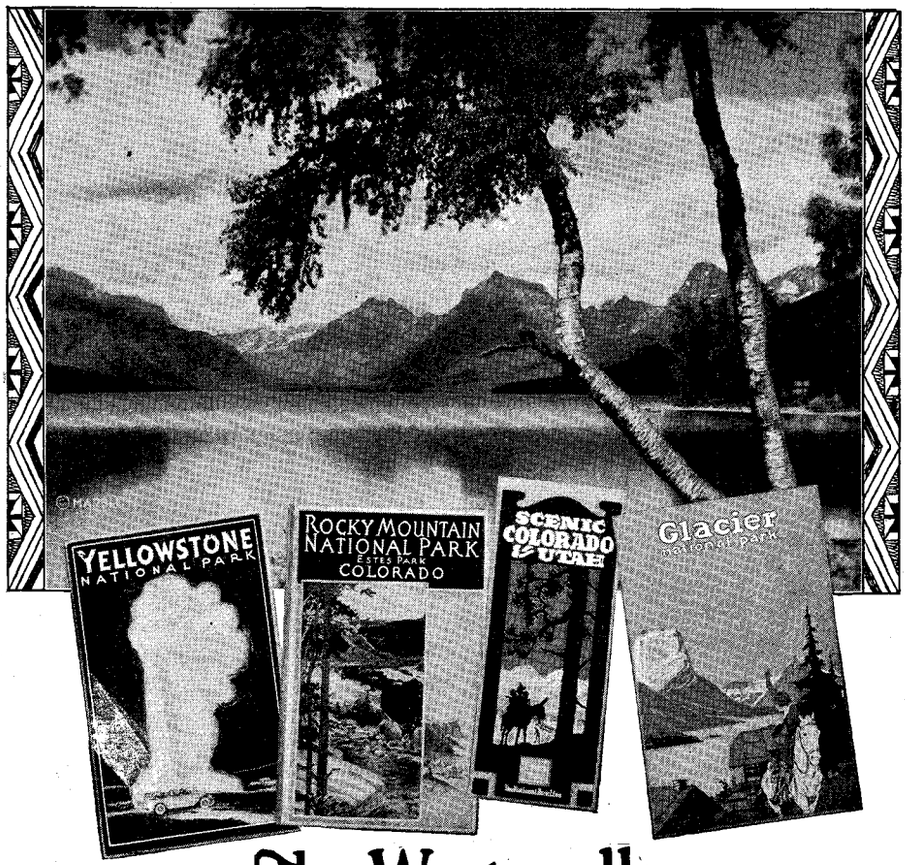
We had not noticed that the "little butcher" had been driven out of business. We find that we have to compete with him in practically every town in the country. We are sure that our standard brands of bacon are superior to the average put out by the little butcher. At least, the country butcher's products vary greatly in quality; you never know what you are going to get.

One other thing that it is worth while to know is that the products put out by the larger packers have been carefully inspected by Government inspectors, so that nothing but perfectly pure and healthful meat can ever get to the public. This is not true of the meat furnished by the "little butcher." You are at his mercy, in case diseased animals have been handled by him. It is Swift & Company's policy to put out nothing but clean and wholesome meats, but Government inspection furnishes a guaranty with respect to meats prepared in all houses that ship goods in inter-State commerce.

We know that your correspondent cannot substantiate his claim that we are "abusing" any power we have, or that we "control" the supply or anything else. Swift & Company has no agreement with any other packers, and we handle only fifteen per cent of the meat supply of the country, and less than twenty-five per cent of the quantity shipped in inter-State commerce. We have no power to control supply or to manipulate prices, which are determined by competition in open markets.

In view of the fundamental importance of many of the points treated in this letter, we are sure that your readers will be glad to have an opportunity to see it.

SWIFT & COMPANY.
Per L. D. H. WELD, Manager,
Commercial Research Department.
Chicago.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There's a land that never grows old—an Empire of Enchantment; sublime in its painted mountains, astounding in its roaring geysers, surprising in its glaciers, exquisite in its superbly-set lakes, beautified by gayly-colored wild flowers, unmatched in its outdoor recreation possibilities. And it is our *West*.

There the air is rich in "pep"—and tiredness leaves as if by magic. Nature unfolds a million moods, and contentment reigns. For delight, thrill, health—this year vacation in the glorious playgrounds of our unforgetable West.

See Colorado—"The Playground of The Nation." Then, "hop" over the mountains into Utah—"The Promised Land." Or, go north and revel in the quiet of Rocky Mountain National—Estes—Park.

Ride a "bronc" over trails in the Big Horns or the "Buffalo Bill" country in Wyoming, or rejuvenate in the Black Hills.

Go through spectacular Yellowstone Park—in via the picturesque Gardiner Gateway and out over the Cody Road.

Stop off at romantic Glacier Park and witness a Blackfeet Indian pow-wow.

Know the charm of the Pacific Northwest—visit stupendous Mount Rainier and take that indescribable "look" into Crater Lake.

Come back through California and feel the inspiration of the Yosemite.

These sights are all in your own dear America—all reached by Burlington service.

Go, when and where your fancy dictates, one way and return via a different route—at no added cost; stay as long as you like.

Send now for that well-illustrated, brim-full-of information booklet that describes the region which you elect to visit.

Burlington Route

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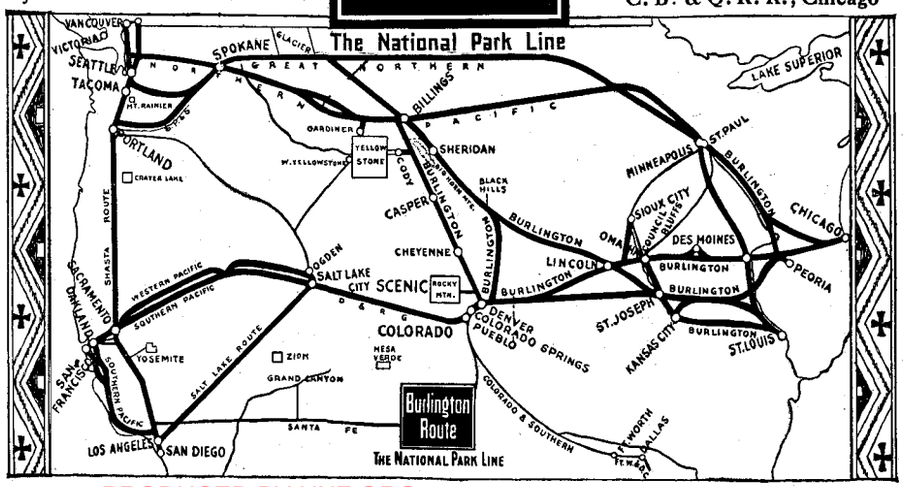

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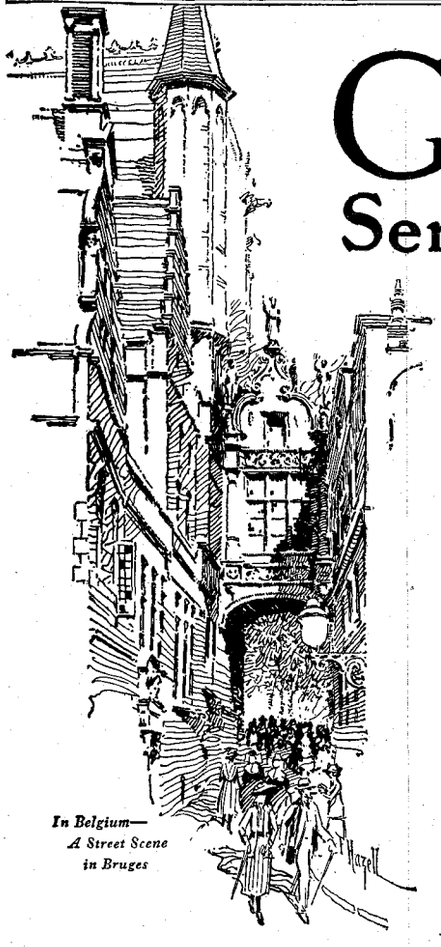
FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

EQUIPMENT TRUSTS

EQUIPMENT obligations came into being originally as the result of the efforts of railway corporations to provide means of paying the builders of locomotives and cars for the rolling stock they manufactured and delivered. For a long time they have enjoyed high favor as investments with banks and institutions which want securities returning a high rate of income combined with safety and marketability. It has been only in comparatively recent years, however, that these kinds of securities have been sought to any extent by private investors. Yet, so far as we know, there is no case on record of an owner of equipment obligations ever having suffered the los of even a part of his investment.

The life of equipment trust obligations is generally a shor one, seldom exceeding fifteen years from the date of issue unt final maturity. Usually they mature serially, a certain propo tion each year. Sometimes, however, as in the case of bond a sinking fund is provided, and the money used to buy outstan ing certificates in the open market and retire them or for th purchase of additional equipment to be held as additional secu ity. A large proportion of the equipment trust certificates issue



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A Street Scene
in Bruges

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Service to Travelers

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GUARANTY TRAVELERS CHECKS, in convenient denominations, can be used as ready money, yet the holder is protected against loss.

GUARANTY LETTERS OF CREDIT are orders upon our correspondents throughout the world for funds and are also personal introductions.

These safe and convenient forms of international money may be obtained at banks. Ask your bank or write to us for a booklet on Guaranty Service to Travelers.

GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE CONSTANTINOPLE

CAPITAL & SURPLUS $50,000,000 RESOURCES MORE THAN $800,000,000

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nowadays are offered in accordance with the so-called "Philadelphia Plan." This is a term which is often used, but not always understood by the average investor. Briefly, it is as follows: When a railway gets equipment, some third party, a corporation or perhaps an individual, buys the equipment from the company which manufactured it, and then leases it to the railway company. The purchaser and owner of the lease next assigns his rights to a trustee, and this trustee, usually a trust company, issues and sells equipment trust certificates secured by the equipment itself. The railway company pays rent for the use of the equipment, and such payments are used to pay the interest on the outstanding obligations and meet the maturing trust certificates as they fall due. Usually it is provided that the first payment made by the railway company shall amount to from ten to twenty-five per cent of the original cost of the equipment, so that there is a substantial equity for the certificates established at once. The title to all the cars and locomotives purchased in this way is vested in the trustee, and this fact is painted or stamped on the rolling stock itself. It is possible to find cars in almost any freight train with a legend to the effect that they are the property of such and such a trust company stenciled on their sides. No part of the equipment belongs to the railway company until the total amount due is fully paid. Of course railway equipment deteriorates every year; but this does not mean that the equipment trust obligations are not so well secured on his account, for it should be borne in mind that a certain proportion of the notes is being paid off each year or retired by a sinking fund; the amount of the outstanding obligations is therefore being constantly reduced and the security for them maintained in ample amount.

Sometimes the equipment trust notes are issued and sold by the railway company itself, but this course is the exception rather than the rule. In all cases, however, the equipment is the security for the notes, and the agreement under which the notes are sold usually requires the railway company to make all necessary repairs to the stock and keep it in proper running order.

It is plain to be seen that if a railway is to do business it must have cars and locomotives. Tracks in themselves are of little value unless freight and passenger traffic pass over them, bringing in revenue to the company. Operating equipment is therefore essential to its existence as a going concern. This fundamental fact is so generally recognized that interest due on equipment notes and the principal of the notes themselves have in numerous instances been paid regularly even when a railway is in bankruptcy and interest on its first-mortgage bonds is in default. The reason for this is a legal one. Under the Philadelphia Plan the railway does not own this equipment, but merely leases it, and the courts very generally recognize expenses of this kind and authorize the receiver or receivers, as the case may be, to meet them. This is due, of course, to the fact that the courts realize the truth of the statement made

TRUST COMPANY SERVICE

THE ensuing months and years will present many opportunities but more obligations to the progressive trust company. Its services must be made as intensely practical, helpful and personal as possible. The giving of dependable counsel must be considered as much a matter of course as the accurate handling of clerical details. Trust funds must be administered with unusual discretion. Strenuous co-operation will be a vital factor in rebuilding foreign markets.

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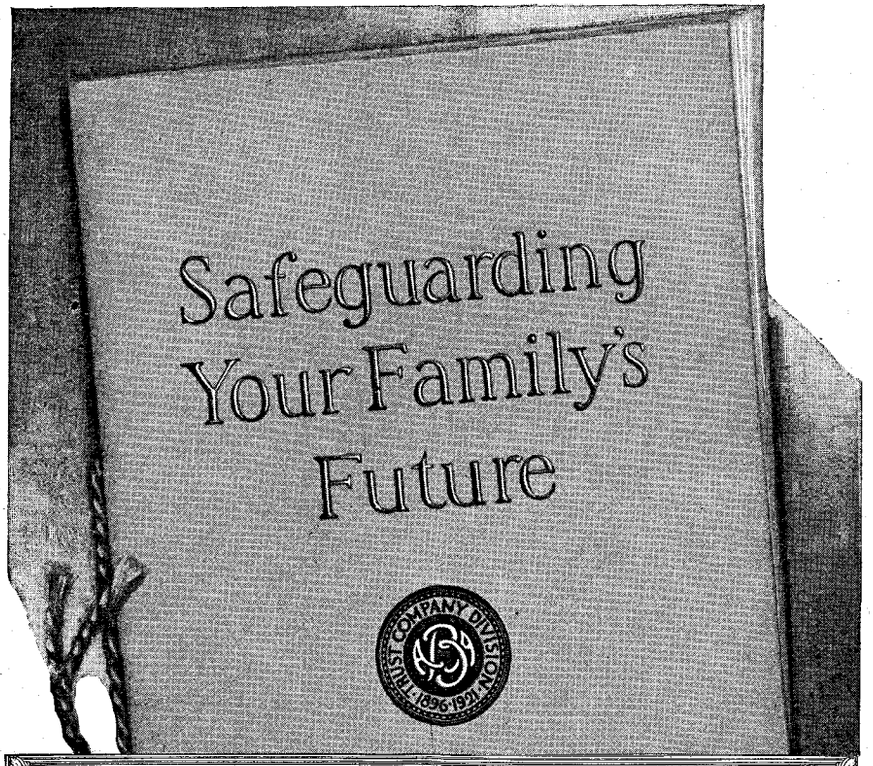

THERE are certain obligations vital to the future welfare of his family which every man ought to recognize. Their neglect leads, in far too many cases, to family tragedies, financial uncertainties, and the subjection of women and children to straitened circumstances, when they might have been comfortably cared for.

The man who plans to make his provisions "tomorrow," or "next week," or "the first minute he gets around to it," is no less blameworthy than the man who does not consider them at all.

Pressure of time or the improbability of accident or death do not excuse failure to have a will, nor failure in having it up-to-date and covering all requirements. Nor is there any excuse for failure to name a desirable executor, or to weigh thoroughly the possibility of protecting beneficiaries, through a trust, against the dangers of unwise property management.

These are matters, not for tomorrow, but for action *today*.

Associated trust companies of the United States have prepared a booklet, as part of a general campaign to broaden public information concerning the vital importance of wills and trusts. A copy of this booklet, *Safeguarding Your Family's Future*, may be had on application to a trust company, or to the Trust Company Division, American Bankers Association.

TRUST COMPANY DIVISION
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION
FIVE NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

just above, that a railway must have rolling stock if it is to operate, and they know that in case these rental charges are not paid the trustee has the right to take the equipment away from the railway to which it is leased, sell it, and turn the proceeds over to the note owners. A further protection for the note owners is the customary clause in the lease providing that the equipment be insured in their favor.

The practical working out of an issue of equipment trust notes would be something as follows: A railway company places orders for $2,000,000 worth of rolling stock. The transaction is arranged through some banking house, which furnishes the money; title to the rolling stock is taken by the bankers and leased to the railway company. The lease made between the two is then assigned to a trust company, and the title to the equipment thereupon becomes vested in the trust company. Equipment trust notes to the amount of $2,000,000 or less are issued in various denominations and sold to investors; the security for these notes is the $2,000,000 of rolling stock, and it is the duty of the trust company, the trustee, to see that the terms of the lease are carried out. The lease contains a list of the equipment pledged together with the car numbers, and provides that when it is delivered to the railway a payment of twenty per cent of the amount due shall be made to the trustee. The notes mature in ten yearly installments, so that each year the amount outstanding is reduced as the railway makes its payments of rental. The full amount of the equipment is pledged as security, however, until the last note is paid, so that, even though it is deteriorating each year and is of less value, the outstanding notes too are growing fewer. The security remains unimpaired, therefore from beginning to end.

The fact that equipment trust certificates are short-term investments tends to lessen their price fluctuations. Every security as it approaches maturity tends to sell closer and closer to its face or par value, for it is the par value which the owner will receive when the principal is paid. This circumstance renders this class of securities an unusually stable investment, and this feature is

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one strong reason why they have always appealed to banks, which desire securities they can sell at short notice with little or no prospect of loss. There is a constantly broadening market for equipment trust obligations. This means of course that more and more people are recognizing them as attractive investments and the demand for them is an increasing one. They are ideal if people or institutions have funds which they want to invest for short intervals —periods under a year, for instance. Banks buy them very often under these conditions, and find them very satisfactory indeed. Private investors, too, would do well to give attention to them when they are in the market for investment securities.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Is it possible for me to get some book showing the net return on bonds bearing various rates of interest selling at a discount or premium and maturing in from, say, one year to one hundred years? What I want to get is the actual return on my money if I hold the bonds until maturity.

A. A book entitled "Consolidated Tables of Bond Values" has recently been published by the Financial Publishing Company, Boston, Massachusetts, showing net returns from 2.90 to 15 per cent on bonds and other redeemable securities paying interest semi-annually at the rates per annum of 3, 3½, 4, 4¼, 4½, 4¾, 5, 5¼, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, and 8 per cent, maturing from six months to 50 years progressing semi-annually, and from 55 to 100 years by periods of five years. Consolidated tables of bond values are computed according to the generally accepted practice which assumes that the proceeds of the coupons, as they mature, are reinvested at the rate of income which the bonds yield at the purchase price.

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LADY desiring to go abroad or to NEW ENGLAND coast for summer will give her services in return for expenses. REFERENCES furnished if required. 9,631, Outlook.

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LADY wants position, country or seashore. Good accountant, good plain cook, willing to do light housework. Capable and reliable. Good references. M. O., The Auburn, Asbury Park, N. J.

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TRAINED nurse offers services in return for expenses to England. 9,695, Outlook.

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YOUNG lady desires position with family going abroad this summer. 9,674, Outlook.

COLLEGE trained girl, 20 years old, desires position as companion in a home of culture and refinement. 9,680, Outlook.

LADY wants position as companion, willing to be generally useful and help in light housework. Country or seashore. Good references. G. O., The Auburn, Asbury Park, N. J.

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Teachers and Governesses

PRINCETON senior wishes position as tutor or companion during next summer. Accustomed to outdoor life and sports. 9,659, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT desires summer position as tutor, companion, physical instructor or playground director. Preferably for boys from 12 to 17. Served three years as naval officer during World War. Age 26. Experienced in Boy Scout and Y. M. C. A. work. Best of references. 9,682, Outlook.

GOVERNESS. Educated, experienced young woman wishes to teach and take care of one or two yonng children. 9,684, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY Virginia senior (medical) desires summer tutoring. Experienced teacher. Box 81, Charlottesville, Va.

TUTORING young children, traveling or at resorts. Or lady's traveling companion Cultured, experienced teacher. Excellent references. 9,685, Outlook.

YOUNG educated woman desires position, governess, companion, for summer. 9,691, Outlook.

FRENCH lady, highest references, wants position as tutor or companion for summer. Would travel. 9,661, Outlook.

POSITION as councilor for boys' camp wanted by young man experienced in boys' work and all phases of camp activities. Organized two camps and developed them successfully. Well educated. Best of references 9,664, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED primary teacher desires position tutoring or as governess for summer months. Will help sew. 9,665, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl, senior, Protestant, wishes position; camp, tutor, companion during summer. Seashore or mountains. 9,667, Outlook.

ENGLISH kindergarten teacher desires summer holiday post. Excellent references. 9,670, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

BOYS wanted, 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery 44 West 22d St., New York.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Address F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

HOME (schooling if desired) for defectives Motto: "Happiness first." Highest references given and required. 50 miles from N. Y. City. Minimum rates, $35 per week 9,688, Outlook.

STUDENTS, writers, convalescents, quiet country; mother's cooking. Connecticut. 9,677, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher, Bryn Mawr graduate, will chaperon and tutor two girls at family camp, Maine, July, August. Terms reasonable. References exchauged. 9,675, Outlook.

CHILD of refinement—1 to 12 years, boy or girl—would be taken by loving mother into attractive, Christian home, and cared for as her own. Exceptional opportunity. Terms arranged. References exchanged. 9,662, Outlook.

OUTDOOR interests and home care given children by trained nurse and teacher in summer home on Long Island. 9,669, Outlook

HELP WANTED!

Are you in need of a Mother's Helper, Companion, Nurse, Governess, Teacher, Business or Professional Assistant?

The Classified Want Department of The Outlook has for many years offered to subscribers a real service. A small advertisement in this department will bring results. The rate is only ten cents per word, including address.

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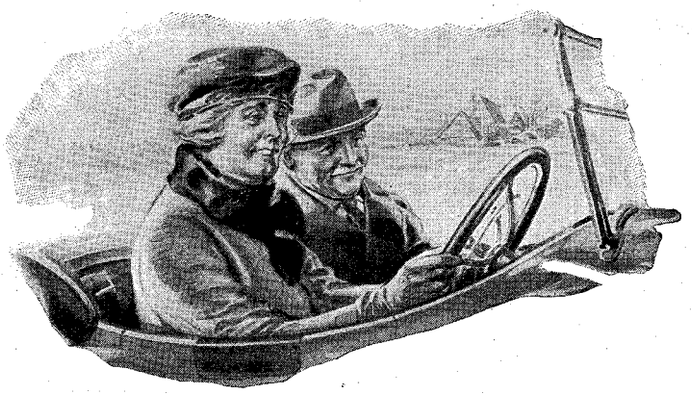

Age is not measured by years

HEALTH itself determines the length of life and your enjoyment of it. Because of their physical well-being, many people in advanced years carry youth well into later life. Their joys, their pleasures, their whole outlook on life is that of youth.

The eminent bacteriologist, Metchnikoff, claimed that "old age" is due in great part to poisons generated in the intestinal canal.

Cumulative Effect

As the dropping of water wears away the stone, so does the continued action of intestinal poisons enfeeble the body. Constipation of long standing is responsible for many of the maladies of old age—hardened arteries, high blood pressure, hemorrhoids (piles), kidney and bladder troubles, and the like. It favors the advance of asthma, catarrh, rheumatism, and other ailments that bring discomfort and suffering to those in later life.

After Life's High-Noon

Elderly people are usually deficient in intestinal mucus—that fluid normally secreted in the intestinal tube to assist the passage of food waste. Nujol takes the place of this deficient mucus. It lubricates the intestines, and penetrates and helps to remove hardened layers of matter that often adhere to the bowel walls. It soothes irritated or abraded spots. It absorbs many poisons and carries them out of the body.

Nujol is prescribed by leading medical authorities as a safe and efficient aid to health in advanced years as it relieves constipation without any unpleasant or weakening effects. By softening the food waste, it enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze this waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system. Nujol prevents constipation because it helps Nature to maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world. Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

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Sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark.

Mail coupon for booklet "Constipation in Advanced Years", to Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 717B 44 Beaver Street, New York City. (In Canada, address Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.)

Name ..... Address. .....

Any Boy or Girl Can Earn Money in Spare Time

IF there are boys or girls in your family, why not encourage them to become Outlook salesmen in your neighborhood? This outdoor work is good fun and is excellent training for a business career. We supply all necessary materials to start this work, and furnish complete suggestions as to how to proceed. No investment or experience is required. If a youngster is old enough to play marbles or spin a top, he is old enough to earn his own spending money selling The Outlook.

Address applications to Carrier Department

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK

BY THE WAY

THE President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Mr. Samuel M. Vauclain says that when you are upset over a business problem it's a pretty good thing to go to the theater. He did this once when the biggest steam hammer in his works had been broken at a critical time. During the show he remembered that a junk dealer in town had a casting that might be used to repair the hammer, which otherwise would be out of commission for a month. At four o'clock the next morning he was on his way with a team to the dealer's yard; at seven o'clock he had the casting in the shop, and by noon the hammer was running again and he had saved the situation.

"When the train reached McAlester the robbers stopped it and made their escape with approximately $2,000 which they had taken from the passengers. An element of humor in this otherwise lugubrious situation is revealed when it is recalled that the State Prison of Oklahoma is at McAlester.

Ingenious Boy Scouts of Maxwell, Iowa, built a motor truck out of junked parts of automobiles, with the addition of a damaged stationary engine which cost them $10. The car makes only ten miles an hour, but it can carry a big load of boys and their dunnage when they go on long hikes. This home-made car made the round trip to the State Fair, where it aroused much interest.

"I don't know of any going businesses over two hundred years old," a subscriber writes, "but I have been working twenty-seven and one-half years for a company that has been making iron and steel at High Bridge, New Jersey, since 1742, and has supplied ammunition for every American war since. I send you an account of presentation of service emblems to employees in 1919. At that time, you will notice, we had seven men who had worked for us over fifty years, 110 over twenty-five years, and 490 over five years. The company name is the Taylor-Wharton Iron and Steel Company."

In 1802 Earl Mount Cashell, an Irish peer, with his family visited France. Miss Wilmot, a member of the party, wrote her impressions of the trip in letters home. These have just been published in book form under the title "An Irish Peer on the Continent." Of Napoleon (then First Consul) Miss Wilmot says:

> The 5th of this Month we dined at the Thuilleries with Bonaparte. After passing through various Antechambers where were bands of military music, we at length reach'd the room where Madame Bonaparte sat under a canopy blazing in Purple and diamonds. More than two hundred persons were assembled and Bonaparte walk'd about the room speaking politely to everybody. His countenance is delightful when animated by conversation, and the expression in the lower part of his Face pleasing to the greatest degree; his eyes are reflec-

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tion itself, but so charming a smile as his, I never scarcely beheld. His dress was simple and his air, tho' reserv'd, announcing everything of the polish'd gentleman.

In another letter Miss Wilmot describes a review by Napoleon:

Bonaparte rode on a white charger dressed in the grand costume of Office, which was scarlet velvet richly embroidered with gold. He looked as pale as ashes, and the expression of his countenance was stern severity. His hair is dark, which he wears without powder, and his person (which is remarkably small) appears perfectly proportion'd. Except the national cockade, he wore no ornament in his hat, which circumstance distinguish'd him from all the others, whose hats were great repositories for Brocade and grandeur. All the Regiments saluted Bonaparte, and the entire spectacle was extremely brilliant, and I was more gratified than I ever was by a warlike pageant in all my life.

Miss Wilmot's meeting with Talleyand, who handed her in to dinner at a ate function, gave her an unpleasant pression of him. She says:

At a distance his Face is large, pale and flat, like a Cream Cheese, but on approaching nearer, cunning and rank hypocrisy supplant all other resemblances. On sitting down to dinner, he spoke on different subjects politely enough and mentioned his having been in England. . . . Just then after dismissing his soup, he enter'd with interest upon his dinner and certainly such a gourmandeur never was it before my fate to behold. For the length of two hours his mouth was never closed, and even at the intervals of plate changing he fill'd up crevices by demolishing a dish of raw Artichokes, in his neighbourhood. Oh! such a cormorant! . . . However, dinner was at length finish'd and Talleyrand presented me his fat paw, to conduct me back again into the drawing room.

A swordfish of monster size was hoisted on the pier where the day's catch s being landed, the Boston "Tranript" says in illustrating the point at the old fish stories are the best es. The countryman who saw it uld hardly believe his senses, and en he at last recovered himself suffintly to speak, it was only to exclaim: he man who caught that fish is a rn liar!"

A paper substitute for glass which was ed during war times in the devastated stricts of France has now, it is reorted, been found extremely useful by ick farmers and horticulturists. It mits heat and light in the same de- e as glass, and its cheapness is leady to a wide use of it.

The origin of the tunes to which many nous songs are sung is obscure, acding to a newly published "Dictionv of Musical Compositions." Among igs thus characterized are: "The arin' o' the Green," "John Brown's dy," "God Save the King," "Down ong the Dead Men," "Yankee Doodle," tar-Spangled Banner," and "Lochaber More."

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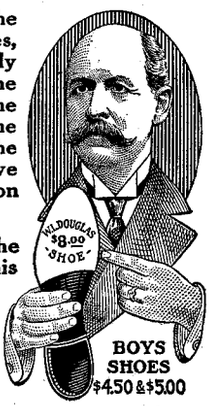

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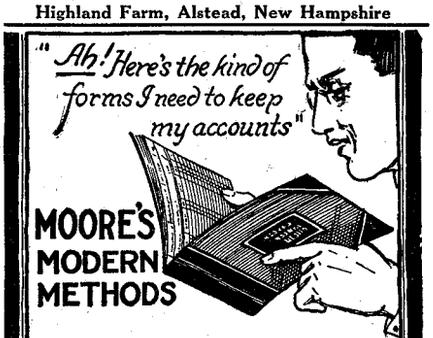

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Fill in and mail coupon to-day with only $5.50 and you will receive the Lansing book at once, and The Outlook will be sent for one year to the new subscriber.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1921.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert D. Townsend, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of THE OUTLOOK, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

Editor—Lyman Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

Managing Editor—
R. D. Townsend, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

Business Managers—
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

2. That the owners are:
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

Stockholders of The Outlook Company owning 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock:

Lawrence F. Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., New York
Dorothea V. Abbott.....Cornwall, New York
Ernest H. Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., New York
Lyman Abbott..... " " " "
Travers D. Carman..... " " " "
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Walter H. Crittenden...309 Broadway, New York
Frank C. Hoyt.....381 Fourth Ave., New York
Helen R. Mabie.. .....Summit, N. J.
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Robert D. Townsend....381 Fourth Ave., New York

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) ROBERT D. TOWNSEND, Managing Editor.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1921.

[SEAL] (Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.
Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 26; New York County Register's No. 2019; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1922.

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